# messing about in BOATS

**Special Features This Issue**

"Minnesota Messabout 2007"

"Chasing Walter Anderson"

"2007 East Boothbay Boat Builders' Festival"

Volume 25 – Number 9

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messing about in BOATS
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## In This Issue...



# Commentary...

## Bob Hicks, Editor

Amongst the boating magazines with whom we exchange subscriptions is *Rowing News*, the magazine of rowing. The rowing with which it is concerned is sliding seat rowing at the serious Olympic/collegiate level, predominately racing. While I am not an avid enthusiast of such rowing, I find the magazine of much interest for it does a top class job of serving its readership, which must be one of the numerically smaller boating genres.

It is full color throughout, glossy coated paper with perfect binding (square edge binding with no staples), slightly larger at 9"x11"" than standard magazine size. The quality of the writing and photography is superb. I read many of the articles just to enjoy how their writers tell their stories. I marvel at how much there is to say about so narrowly defined a sporting activity.

It seems to me to be an "insiders" magazine that assumes that most readers already play the game, know its jargon, and understand the underlying mystique that has grabbed many in their youth at prep school or college and hung onto them for a lifetime into their 80s, still rowing. For a sport that freely mentions pain as being amongst its rewards, this amazes me. I once read a couple of books about the sport, one, *The Amateurs*, by David Halberstam, that helped me to understand what drives this sport.

A number of years ago I attended the annual Head of the Charles on Boston's Charles River. An early in the day supporting event for Alden Ocean Shell enthusiasts included an 80-year-old woman (I apologize for no longer recalling her name) who had long been a major influence in this group, and as she majestically rowed upriver the assembled multitude gave her a sort of rolling ovation. She was "one of them," epitomizing what their lifetime sport meant to them.

Therefore I was somewhat surprised when the latest issue arrived with "Beginner's Guide" emblazoned across the cover with subtitles "Everything you need to know to get started in rowing" and "10 Essential Tips." The photo of a solitary oarsman on what appears to be a misty morning workout (the water is flatter most mornings) has riding on the rear deck of his shell an additional slogan, "This could be you!" Implicit in all this is that perhaps there are rowing wannabees out there who might want some encouragement. Perhaps I err in assuming too hastily that this is an insider's game after all.

Sure enough the promised information was there in easily understood and sometimes humorous form. "Doctor Rowing" offered up the promised "ten things you need to know…," humorously enumerating potential novice gaffes and posturings such as, "Don't flip the bird at people on shore who greet you with cries of 'stroke, stroke.' They have been known to throw rocks."

On a more serious note, the ten or so pages of detailed advice on subjects ranging from how to buy a boat through how to row the perfect stroke to how to find your fitness, included one piece of advice under "How to Immerse Yourself" that I found spoke to my own concerns about these tippy craft: "If you're sitting in a boat and your biggest worry is how you're going to stay in it, you're not going to learn all that much." Indeed.

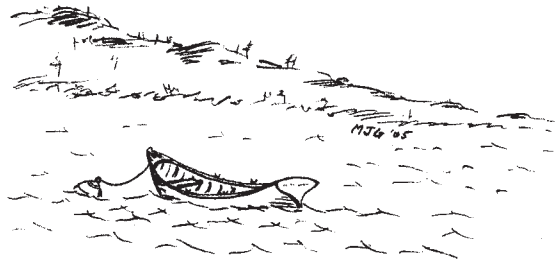
Leafing through the ads I came across, amongst all those for events, rowing shells, oars, and clothing, a full page ad for a Whitehall skiff, no less, outfitted with a sliding seat rig. It is the new Solo 14 from Whitehall Spirit and the headline announces that it offers "Single slide (sic) seat rowing with room for guests." It appears to be modern molded composite construction, "light, ultra-tough, and virtually upkeep free." The ad goes on into hyperbole then with the claim, "This legendary slide (sic) seat classic is the world's best rowing machine."

Whatever this boat's merits may be, the ad sort of hit me as something of a clanger. From the nature of the magazine I imagined its readership as likely to be sophisticated, educated, intelligent people who happened to love sliding seat rowing. The effrontery displayed by laying claim that this 150lb molded plastic rowboat is the "world's best rowing machine" is breathtaking. Surely it could not be taken seriously by those readers.

This aside, if you have any interest at all in sliding seat rowing and do not already know about, or read, *Rowing News*, you might want to look into it. *Rowing News*, Rivermill Suite 440, 85 Mechanic St., Lebanon, NH 03766, (800) 784-5709. No website is listed (can this be?)

## On the Cover...

Reader/contributor Walt Donaldson has sailed his 28' sharpie (without auxiliary power other than oars) most of the west coast of Florida from Key West to Panama City in bits and pieces, and in this issue he tells us of moving on his range of camper cruising west to Louisiana.



By Matthew Goldman

# From the Journals of Constant Waterman

I've a casual acquaintance who owns a Bristol 24, a handsome boat with a pedigree of distinction. Unfortunately, his upper weather shroud parted while he reached across the sound this summer. First his mast bent, then the entire rig went by the board. The mast, stepped on deck, decided to step off. He pulled the clevis pins and had the beast alongside for a couple of minutes but, before he could gaff it, it threw the hook and plunged to a cool 14 fathoms where it now cavorts with the lobsters. The rest of the season he languished on his mooring. His home away from home, I suppose, but not as thrilling as leaning before a voluptuous young breeze.

Just recently he bounded into our shop. "I've found a mast!" he exclaimed. Just up the road a piece is a facility that deals in secondhand vessels, mostly sail. They take donated boats and sell them, the proceeds go to the local university. Unfortunately, this yard lies 20 miles from the ocean. Whatever you purchase needs to be trucked away. Most of the craft are surprisingly worthy and prices are negotiable.

There he found a Bristol 24, a sad old boat considerably under the weather, so much so that her owner had decided to sell her piecemeal. Spars and sails and rigging? Not a problem. Except my acquaintance had only a little car and couldn't transport his new mast. After seeking help and being refused, he came to me. Wednesday morning I strapped a tall wooden horse in the back of my truck and lashed a 16' ladder to it and the top of my cab to form a scaffold. The mast would extend but 7' beyond each end of the ladder.

I spent a while securing it all, tied a red flag astern, and off we went. We fetched up at the marina all-a-taut-o and carried the mast down the pier and laid it atop his boat. Now he needs to check continuity of the wiring, inspect the rigging, affix a new antenna, all the usual off-season chores that add savor to the mix that we call boating.

Meanwhile, in the shop we've cleared the deck for the Petrel That Has No Name. Number 33, the very last boat of this design to make her maiden voyage out of Noank. Her spars will go aloft to have their varnish, her sails and running rigging are tucked away. Another bird come home to the nest after many years away. Petrels seem to wing their way back here to be refurbished and have new sailors installed. We run a halfway house for needy Herreshoffs. I'm proud to report that all have recuperated.

For a short while, back in the '70s, I worked at a yard that built a number of well-designed sailing boats. I wanted to learn ship's carpentry. What they needed, however, was a millwright.

"Oh , you can run a lathe and weld and make repairs?"

"Yep."

"Very good. This way, please."

But it wasn't to be my way. The first day on the job my boss enquired, "Have you ever installed a toilet?"

"Yep."

"You're our boy," he said.

So there I knelt, by his office, connecting a brand new thunder mug to the plumbing. I searched and searched but I couldn't find a single through hull fitting.

I also repaired the sprinkler system, fabricated pulley guards, made stainless keel bolts, fitted propeller shafts, and poured lead keels. People have pointed out to me that fumes from that molten lead have addled my brain. I reply that every little bit helps.

After a while getting filthy for gas money ceased to amuse me.

"You expect to have fun and get paid as well?" they asked. "Sorry we can't accommodate, the door over there opens out."

The best sort of door invariably opens out. You can reach the latch if you try. I know the wolf has her lair just the other side. But who minds a wolf when the wind freshens and the sea gull calls from the far side of the sunbeam? When your rail dips to greet the swell and your sails strain to lift your hull to heaven?

# You write to us about…

## Activities & Events...

**Atlantic Challenge Fourth Annual Red Jacket Youth Regatta**

Atlantic Challenge's Community Sailing Program hosted the fourth annual Rockland Red Jacket Youth Regatta Sunday, July 22, on Rockland Harbor in Maine. Nearly 30 sailors from four local sailing programs enjoyed an afternoon of friendly competition fostering the sportsmanship, teamwork, and sailing skills that racing develops in youth sailors. Atlantic Challenge, St. George Community Sailing, North Haven Casino Sailing, and the Camden Yacht Club participated in this event.

Sailors from the four clubs raced in single-person 8' JY Club Trainers and two-person 15' 420s. Overall scores found first place Camden Yacht Club (45 points), second place St. George CSF (50 points), third place NHCYC (73 points), and fourth place Atlantic Challenge Community Sailing (75 points).

The regatta is named in honor of the Rockland-built clipper ship *Red Jacket*, launched in 1853 near the current location of Atlantic Challenge. *Red Jacket* set sailing records that stand to this day and was widely known for her beautiful lines and craftsmanship.

The regatta was sponsored by Art Tibbetts Marine Contractor, Pope Sails and Rigging, Hallett Canvas & Sails, Inc. and Maritime Energy. Hannaford and Shaws donated items for a post-racing bar-b-q celebration.

Many thanks to all the volunteers, local supporters, and visiting clubs who came together to make such a great event possible again this year.

The Community Sailing Program is now in its tenth year. For further information, contact Atlantic Challenge at (207) 594-1800 or visit our website: www.atlanticchallenge.com.

**The Last Annual Great Round Gerrish Island Race & Cruise**

I thought you'd like a heads up about the Last Great Round Gerrish Island Race & Cruise. After 33 years we have to drive a stake into its heart. Let someone else, or a group, reinvent it. The date is September 29 at 1pm, sponsored by the Portsmouth (New Hampshire) Rowing Club. Inquiries to portsrowing@yahoo.com

Michael Gowell, Kittery Point, ME


***WoodenBoat* Show was Great**

The *WoodenBoat* Show turned out to be amazing! I made contact with so many Atkin boat owners and fans. And as for friends, it was old home week. Was great to see all the folks from the Seaport and *WoodenBoat*. Hadn't seen Jon Wilson since he spoke at John's service. We had a chance for a short visit. We go way back long before *WoodenBoat*!

Pat Atkin, Noroton, CT

## Adventures & Experiences...

**Lived Aboard for 27 Years**

I have lived aboard for 27 years during sailings seasons, 18 of them on my present Cape Dory 30, now at an old port, Barcelona, New York, between Buffalo and Erie, Pennsylvania. There are more shipwrecks between these two ports than in the Bermuda Triangle! If you want to test your sailing abilities try a windy day on Lake Erie. The Barcelona lighthouse was the first lighthouse to be lit with natural gas.

I grew up on Lake Chautauqua, New York, moving into a house a block away from the LC Yacht Club. They sailed Scows, Lightnings, Thistles, Snipes, and, of course, Chris Crafts were everywhere. Lake Chautauqua is famous for muskelunge, big ones!

I first saw *MAIB* at John Freeman's Small Boat Exchange in Burlington, Vermont, where I worked at the time while sailing on Lake Champlain. Back then I made two trips down the Hudson through the locks and on to the ocean.

Bill Schlifke, Bemus Pt., NY

## Opinions...

**A Few Words Regarding Recent Articles**

A few words in pencil on lined paper, alas, regarding some recent articles.

First, a heartfelt "thank you" to Sharon Brown for her "Boathouse Plywood" in the July 1 issue. I love and admire the craftsmanship that goes into a traditional plank on frame craft but I lack the skills to ever build one, having started rather late in life to build even in plywood. To have Sharon acknowledge our admittedly lesser craft and even bring us the posthumous blessing of John Gardner is a very real comfort.

To Carol Jones of New Jersey ("Ticket to Drive," June 15 "You write to us…") my apologies from my position with the lofty title of Education Officer of the Kansas City Sail & Power Squadron, a unit of the U. Power Squadron. I am sorry her boat safety class was such a letdown.

In our defense I can only say that we're a bunch of volunteers so are a self-selecting group. While we are "certified" to teach, that certification covers our knowledge of the subject of boating safety but, alas, not necessarily our ability to teach it.

I have considerable misgivings regarding any legal requirement that all boaters, or boaters born after some date, take such a course. Unfortunately it is also illegal to shoot the dimwits on the overpowered rocket sleds, and I know we're not reaching them with our safety education classes either. Robb White had it right as usual, what we need is a tax on horsepower on a logarithmic scale.

That said, in our last class we taught two guys in their mid-30s who had been told by a boat rental company in Florida that they had to take it before they came to rent a boat from them, and a 40-50ish woman who owned a 34' cruiser on our state's premier recreational lake. I'm not sure why she was taking the class except that she decided to take it.

In spite of the literal truth of all Carol had to say about the materials covered, and in our organization's defense, there were other subjects in there, too. Our students appeared to have fun. There was no feeling of being in a drunken driving rehab course. Actually I'm extrapolating from a similar course I was required to attend some 44 years ago after some non-alcoholic driving infraction.

I can't but continue to toss some comments in here. Four or five years ago I took one of my boats, truck, trailer, and all, to a nearby boat shop for water pump repair. I left the whole rig there and headed for a nearby restaurant while they fixed the pump. They fixed my trailer chains, too. When I left the rig the chains were crossed beneath the trailer tow bar just like we teach in our course. When I returned I found they had thoughtfully uncrossed them for me. I drove out of sight before stopping to recross them.

Another word of thanks and a shake of my head for Phil Boger & Friends "Messing About in Fishing Boats, Chapter 1" in the July 1 issue. Given that Phil is referred to in the third person, methinks I detect the hand of Suzanne in the text and I thank them both for the effort.

From here in the middle of the continent with one ocean about as far away as the other, one can't help but think about agriculture with every word in the Bolger article. Change the name of the type of work and swap a few maritime nouns for agricultural ones and the article could stand as is and no farmer would be the wiser.

Invisibly below the radar some courageous farmers are working their land under a new paradigm. They're largely, one suspects, willfully ignored in the big ag press but in spite of that their numbers and their market share appear to be growing.

So I again thank PB&F for their effort and call their attention to suggest that while it may seem a thankless task it may not be a hopeless one.

Jeff McFadden, Richmond, MO

## This Magazine...

Loves Adventures of
All the Boat Lovers

I just wanted to say again how much I enjoy Messing About in Boats. I look forward to every issue. I mostly love the adventures of all the boat lovers. I am amazed at how you can keep up this wonderful magazine year after year and do thank you for all your efforts.

Ken Kline, Brooksville, FL

**Astonished**

I must let my subscription lapse, being too old now to continue boating. I have thoroughly enjoyed your magazine, especially the articles on boating safety, design, and construction.

A few years ago I asked you for documents on reversible camber sails and was astonished by what you supplied. Thanks again for providing all those useful reports.

Your magazine is a great asset.

Robert Helliwell, Lowell, ME

**Would Like *MAIB* via Email**

If you ever decide to send out *MAIB* via email count me in (no postage, no paper cost!)

Ted Bailey, Amesbury, MA

**Editor Comments:** *MAIB* is available via email worldwide for the standard subscription price of $32. We have a dozen or so email subscribers, mostly overseas where obvious savings in postage can be made, as magazines mailed outside the US cannot go for our basic bulk mail rate. The perceived savings to us are not a reality for a few email orders do not change our basic print order of 4,000 copies. Postage savings are offset by the fee we pay our internet service to process each online issue's emailing, we do not use the internet ourselves.

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**How About a "Real" Article?**

I enjoyed reading of your adventures with Charlie in your July 1 "Commentary," now if only you'd make it a "real" article complete with photos!

Ron Bennett, Comfort, TX

**Editor Comments:** Charlie took some photos of our experimenting with a homemade downwind sail and an umbrella on a recent outing, so maybe I'll put something together on that.

**Sailing as Slowly as I Can**

Nice to meet you at the Bolger dinner. Thanks again for another great year of *MAIB*. Here's a card for my website, Barnega Bay Boats & Stuff, hove to off Swan Point and sailing as slowly as I can.

Russ Manheimer, Manasquan, NJ



# Across the Country to the *WoodenBoat* Show

By Charlie Rouse

I took some pictures of our trip to Mystic Seaport and the *WoodenBoat* Show. We came all the way from Corning, California, to attend. That show was loads of fun. The highlight for us was the Bolger tribute.

We enjoyed the Seaport and Connecticut very much and hope to return another time.

Arriving in town.


A double attraction, Seaport and *WoodenBoat* Show.

Large scale nautical artifact greets us at entrance.

The waterfront.

Boarding the whaleship *Charles W. Morgan*.

Visiting the cooperage.

Museum's *Breck Marshall* sailing by.

Small craft ashore.

Large craft afloat, the schooner *John Paul Jones*.

When the Editor, Charlie, and friends were in Nauset ("Commentary" July 15) they were kayaking in the hallowed waters of "Hy Breasail" where Norsemen came ashore ever so long ago as depicted in this excerpt from the screen play, *Vinland the Good*, by Nevil Shute:

Dissolve to the Island: This is an evening scene. The ship is coming into the beach on a low, sandy island covered with trees, lying half a mile or so off the long beach of Wonderstrands. This island, Nauset Island, has now disappeared entirely due to erosion, it used to be off the beach opposite Orleans. It is a warm, sunny evening, near sunset, the island is a fairyland, covered with trees and flowers.

Dissolve to the Beach: The ship is stranded on the beach and the men are spreading out along the foreshore and the beach head. It is sunset and most beautiful, as beautiful as can be contrived. The men are moving quietly, looking around them in wonder and awe at such a lovely place. Presently one of them stoops to pick a flower. His finger strikes something sticky on a leaf, he licks it and exclaims. Presently several of the men are picking leaves and licking them.

A Man: "Lord, there is honey on the leaves in this island."

Leif and Tryker pick leaves and try them.

Tryker (in awe): "Lord, this is honey dew. In my country, in the old stories that old people tell around the fireside in the winter, they say that in the Happy Land honey falls like dew from heaven in the night."

# The Hallowed Waters of "Hy Breasail"

By John Wallis Cooper

Leif (thoughtfully): "The Happy Land…" (He looks around. Through a thin screen of a few trees he sees the sunset, bright and rosy in the west. Between the trees he sees Haki walking with Haekia, they are laughing together at some private joke of their own. This scene must be as beautiful as can be contrived.)

Leif (quietly): "I heard once of the Happy Land, which some men call Hy Breasail. No thief, no robber, and no enemy pursues one there. There is no violence and no winter snow. In that place it is always spring. No flower or lily is wanting, no rose or violet but you will find them there." (During this speech the camera should pick up these features one by one, verifying them visually).

Leif: "There apple trees bear flowers and fruit on the same branch all the year round. The young men live in quiet happiness with their girls." (The camera picks up Haki and Haekia, engrossed in each other).

Leif: "There is no old age and no sickness and no sorrow there. All is full of joy."

Tryker (uneasily): "Lord, do you think this place is Hy Breasail?"

Leif (rousing): "I don't know, it is so beautiful that it might well be that we have found the Happy Land. I will not spend the night here, we may be bewitched. We will anchor offshore for the night and sleep in the ship.

Dissolve to the Anchorage: (It is late evening, almost night. The ship is anchored off the beach, it is cloudless and dead calm. The island lies silhouetted against the faint remnants of the sunset, very beautiful. In the ship the dim forms of the men are staring at the beauty of the scene, silent and in wonder).

Wonderstrands is the beach that extends up to Provincetown which includes Coast Guard Beach.

Leif is Leif Ericsson, son of Eric the Red.

Tryker is an old man who was a slave of Eric. Now he is free.

Haki and Haekia are young Scottish slaves who are very much in love.

Not in this excerpt from *Vinland the Good* is the earlier powerful chant by Thorgunna, Leif's lover and a Scottish princess with the gift of second sight, in which she states that it is Leif's destiny to discover America and Hy Breasail.

Shute wrote *Vinland the Good* in 1946. It is a development from his novel, *An Old Captive*, published in 1940.

This excerpt (from pages 114, 115, and part of 116 in *Vinland the Good*) was in "A Partial Reading of the Screen Play at the 2005 Nevil Shute Gathering of the Nevil Shute Norway Foundation, Hyannis, Massachusetts, US, October 2005."

I enjoyed arranging this reading and we had fun doing it. Our Thorgunna was terrific! To accompany the presentation we showed slides of the scenes representative to the script.

# 2007 East Boothbay Boat Builders Festival

By Nathaniel Osborn

Having eagerly anticipated the 2007 East Boothbay (Maine) Boat Builders Festival, I was not disappointed by the myriad of finely crafted hanging rudders, delicate gaffs, and meticulous cotton caulking on all manner of traditional sailing and motor boats.

Saturday, July 28, brought a cool breeze and pleasant cloud cover to Shipbuilder's Park as hundreds of locals and travelers wandered among and chatted with dozens of Maine and New England boat builders. Commanding the waterfront was the 83' *Lion's Whelp* motor yacht which had returned to East Boothbay's Goudy and Stevens boatyard where she had been built in 1966, and the Maine Seacoast Missionary Society's 72' *Sunbeam V*, also built by Goudy and Stevens, which steams between the islands of Maine providing religious services to the isolated populations.

Hodgdon Yachts (building boats in since 1816) opened their historic yard to make room for many of the exhibitors, including Brunswick's Dick Pulsifer who displayed one of his much-coveted Hampton inboard center console boats. Southport Island Marine displayed their Southport 30 lobster yacht and I greatly enjoyed taking their nimble new fiberglass version of the Handy Billy design on a spin around the harbor.

Pemaquid's The Carpenter's Boat Shop displayed a traditionally built Maine peapod and the nearby moored Friendship sloop and working lobster boats provided a glimpse of over 140 years of Maine lobstering in one spot.

Near the Maine Maritime Museum's booth raffling off a ruggedly built "Susan" flattie skiff, an elaborate kids' booth held a mass of children constructing impressive model boats from the assorted wooden pieces provided. Under the food tent Boothbay Region Land Trust volunteers shucked hundreds of oysters and piled high countless lobster rolls.

In the historic white clapboard United Methodist church overlooking the festival local author Colin Woodard lectured on the history of the Maine coast and 18th century piracy from his new book, *The Republic of Pirates*, and David Stimson of the Boothbay Harbor Shipyard discussed the recent restoration of the *HMS Bounty* replica of *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *Pirates of the Caribbean* fame.

Up the hill from the festivities sailmaker Nat Wilson opened his traditional loft and explained the intricacies of building sails for historic rigs without computers or even a website.

For more information contact event organizers Boothbay Region Land Trust, www.bbrlt.org.

*Frog Princess.*

Handy Billy.

*Lion' Whelp.*

Work in process.

Outboard skiff.




Clockwise from top left:

*Olive.*

*Sunbeam V*

Event poster.

Work in process.

Outbound skiff.

A Pulsifer Hampton.

Restored runabouts.

Rowing skiff.

*Olive*'s steering.




Whitehall details

A wooden shell.

Big Messabout.

A boatload.

Dave Richard's Weekender.

# Minnesota Messabout 2007

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan
Photos by Bill Paxton and Peter Simmons

Mississippi Bob Brown is alive and well; therefore he avoided being strapped to a car fender and hauled bodily to Lake Pepin, the widest spot in the Mrs. Slippery River making a wonderful sailing lake of almost 20 miles in length. Last year the old Hooligan missed the event because of some lame excuse about a heart attack and stent surgery. Yada, yada, yada. I am an ex-teacher, I have heard all the pathetic excuses in the world.

The gathering of the Lake Pepin Pirates again mixed a conglomerate of worthless old farts like me, Lutheran preachers who love boats and getting wet, yuppie vegans, and boat builders extraordinaire. The boats and canoes were exquisite examples of true artistic imagination, apt wood working, sharp eye, and attention to detail which is why I sail a factory-made fiberglass dinghy amongst these folks.

Captain Bill Paxton, the official fleet commodore and photographer, murmured something about a rudder and proffered no boat but managed to hitch rides in sundry craft. It took me several days to realize that he did not have to tow a boat through Minneapolis AND St. Paul, tackle the hassle of launching, fight the rolling waves of the Mississippi, and try to keep self and boat dry during the rain. NOOoooo. He rode peacefully along on other people's boats with neither a care in the world nor a duty at hand. And we all felt sorry for him. Are we dumb or what?

Mrs. Doc, the Fickle Finn, came too but only to shop, whine, and tend to Spencer the Wonder Pug who hates boats, water, bugs, and woodlands as much as she. Both are true air-conditioned urban dwellers who like soft beds, cable TV, and good food. I still believe they missed fabulous platesful of brats and tankards of home-brewed beer. She prattled on and on about the remarkable broiled cod and Chardonay at Slippery's watching the rich pull up in their monstrous boats with side thrusters making docking easy enough for my grandmother (and she's been dead for ten years). They evidently were replete with all the latest nautical style clothing and possessing that certain look that upper crusts seem to cultivate with ease. Thank God I was chugging beer with a real set of sailors.

Rain threatened all day Saturday but scared no one. Out we went. I had the distinct pleasure of having Mississippi Bob ride along with me manning the jib, politely offering suggestions, and just making the entire trip from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to Lake Pepin worthwhile. Seeing the canoes, kayaks, and gear that Mississippi Bob created made me weep bitter tears of jealously and utter strange oaths at my deceased father who forgot to pass on the wood working genes he so wonderfully possessed.

The rains poured forth later in the afternoon forcing us to huddle under tarps and regale each other with the usual conversations that a diverse group such as us pirates would make. These folks are so interesting that I could sit a listen all day. Yeah, sure, anyone who believes that has never seen old Doc the Irishman spewing forth a plethora of polysyllables on diverse topics that come to mind while

segueing from one subject to another with the ease of a accidental jibe. Quiet and shy are not among the attributes ever, ever used in the same sentence when discussing me.

Since there were several children whose names I could never remember, I immediately nicknamed them; the blonde girl was Bob, her Mayan sister was Ethel, and the twin boys of color but God only knows their ethnic background became Roy and Herman. Sarah, the 11-year-old, had no nickname because everyone DID remember her name. She couldn't remember mine so I was just "Sailor." I'll have to admit a chuckle or two when she would yell across the camp, "Hey Sailor!" I hadn't been shouted at that way since I was in Tijuana during my Navy days.

Sarah took a shine to Peter's girlfriend Rachel, an elementary teacher, and those two were inseparable, probably not Rachel's idea but everyone could tell that Rachel had the knack for attracting children and a special level for making small fry seem welcome and open. Where the heck were the Rachels of the world when I was in elementary school??

Lake Pepin is an interesting place passing the small Minnesota village of Lake City (where water skiing was founded) and Wabasha (where *Grumpy Old Men I* and *II* were filmed). Mammouthly wide, the Mississippi River seems prone to strong enough winds for even the largest of freshwater sailboats. A healthy current heading south and strong breezes from the south produce some white caps and rollers that could rattle the faint of heart… like Ms. Frigid Finland and my beloved pug.

The *Zonona*, my plastic boat which receives much raised eyebrows amongst the wooden boat folks, was taking some waves over the bow and enough rock and roll to make Buddy Holly happy (if anyone of you young ones ask, "Who is Buddy Holly?" I will personally make you sing "Old Man River" while anchored to the river bottom).

I think the photos by Bill Paxton, Peter Simmons, and Mrs. Finnish Kook from Kuhmoinen speak better than I can about one heck of a good time in Minnesota where they do tolerate an occasional Iowan with a fiberglass factory boat. For the record, my little Boatex 1200 was formed in Canada. Unfortunately, like too many boat companies, they went belly-up recently. I now have a better understanding of the practical reasons for building your own boat.

Greg Peterson's IMB.


Gizmo on the beach.

Forward facing rowing setup.

Pedal power in action.

Doc and Zonona.

Lundburg power.

Bob Doyscher's Teal.

# Chasing Walter Anderson

By Walt Donaldson

Off the coast of Louisiana lies a long, graceful crescent of small islands that offered an enticing objective for spring sailing this year, 2007. The Chandeleur Islands, so they are called, had been reintroduced to my awareness by the gift of a book about Walter Inglis Anderson, a regional artist who took his inspiration from islands in the Gulf of Mexico beyond his studio in Ocean Springs, Mississippi. Much of his work was taken from life on Horn Island and the similar others that stretch from the Louisiana-Mississippi border nearly to Mobile Bay, about midway along the Alabama shore. Cat, West Ship, East Ship, Petit Bois, and Dauphin islands are also in the group. Much of the land is federally owned and managed by the Gulf Islands National Seashore. Anderson also often visited the Chandeleurs, which lie south and west, closer to the "toe" of Louisiana. They are now part of the Breton National Wildlife Refuge. The whole area had been much on my mind since Hurricane Katrina.

Having previously sailed, in bits and pieces over the course of several years, all of the of Florida coastline from the Florida Keys up to Panama City, I decided to leave from the latter so as to finish up the remainder of the west side of Florida; that is, Panama City to Perdido Key (the westernmost town). From there, I planned to continue toward the Chandeleurs as far as circumstances would allow. Though this 100-mile segment of the Florida mainland does not especially appeal as it is heavily developed with high-rise condominiums, it has a few things going for it nevertheless, such as clear, deep water and white sand beaches. I had been "saving" it to do in a particular set of winter conditions, from east to west in a northeaster, as the slant of the coast would have made a protected lee in that breeze. Winter had slipped by somehow but the forecast for the last week of March indicated a moderate easterly flow with no rain, good enough.

I had dinner with my folks, who live in Panama City, and departed the following day from the city marina there on a fine spring Thursday. The predicted easterly faded about halfway across St. Andrews Bay but was replaced by a light sea breeze. I tacked out of the pass into the Gulf between rock jetties, trying to keep an eye on everything that was going on, which was a lot, it being spring break. Turning alongshore I maneuvered around the stern of a fake pirate ship and stood on to the west, goggling at the miles of new condos built since my last time sailing in the area.

Around sunset the sea breeze went light in front of a familiar strip of beach so I anchored to see how the boat would behave in the open Gulf. It must have behaved pretty well because I was soon fast asleep and didn't wake up until the pre-dawn hours, covered in dew. The easterly had started back up so I got underway and began reeling off miles in the rosy morning. I anchored and swam ashore at Seaside, a town of New Urbanism architecture sited on a prominent bluff, and sat on a park bench for awhile in my wetsuit, observing the antics.

Continuing, I ran down the beach all day, the wind a steady "barely capping" breeze. It couldn't have been easier. The scene on the beach got a bit manic around Destin, which is beginning to look somewhat insane, like Las Vegas. Each group of condo towers has its own para-sailing operation and I slowly became accustomed to soaring tourists entering my peripheral vision. Reaching Destin Pass at high tide I found it a thrilling, transparent, aqua blue comparable to the Keys. A big schooner motored out with her headsails sheeted on the wrong side of the boat. I was yearning for a swim in the beautiful water but it was full of sea nettles, more than I had ever seen. Curiously there were also more sea turtles than I had ever seen and I wondered if the turtles were eating the jellyfish.

I spent a second night in the Gulf anchored about 200 yards offshore of quiet Eglin Air Force Base property just west of Fort Walton Beach. The wind had died both days at sunset and though the ground swell and longshore current were both running strong, I felt fairly secure in such a positive forecast, settled high pressure. Basically my protocol was, "if you can go, do go. If you can't, sleep." Thus I was up at an unusual hour and made some early miles on the third day, heaving to for breakfast near a stupendous tower built right on the beach on government (military) property. The Eiffel Tower has nothing on this thing. In the *Gazeteer* it simply says "Lookout." Indeed.

Cruised the morning away and approached Pensacola Beach around noon. I saw the first hurricane damage east of there, picnic shelters leaning drunkenly. The road along the undeveloped portion of Santa Rosa beach (one of Florida's two sections of the Gulf Islands National Seashore) was still closed to motor vehicles, which brought out a few nature lovers. It was Saturday, after all. One fellow was pedaling along on his bicycle naked as a jaybird and we saluted each other with spirited waves. I have a cousin in Pensacola Beach so I called him to say, "run down to the water—the freak show is passing by," but only spoke to his answering machine.

The long peninsula out to Pensacola Pass and Fort Pickens (the other Florida section of the National Seashore) was soon abeam, the latter's stand of longleaf pine woods all rusty brown, presumably from salt spray during hurricanes. I sailed through swirling tidal waters around the pass and on along to Perdido Key. The wind shut off with about a mile of Florida left. Not having much choice, I spent a third night in the Gulf. When the easterly starting puffing before daylight I attempted to sneak by the Orange Beach inlet (at the Alabama line) before the first fishing boats came out. That didn't work. I felt like one of those bears or ducks in an arcade shooting gallery. Finally, after several zigs and zags, I picked up a fresh breeze and sailed clear. Among the condos was a pretty public area with a main building that had a roof shaped like an inverted airplane wing. I wonder if this was a strategy to keep the roof on during hurricanes. Apparently it does.

Gulf Shores, Alabama, seemed mostly undamaged by storms and nearing the end of it the wind dropped to calm in front of another public (looking) building set on a large, undeveloped property. To test my freshwater acquisition scheme, I put on a mask and fins, slung two plastic jugs on a long cord, and swam in through the surf, the boat anchored just outside the breakers. The building turned out to be someone's residence so I hallooed the house and approached respectfully, waving my jugs overhead. The place was deserted so I filled up from the spigot with some sub-par well water and skedaddled. The breeze revived and I was soon on my way.

The next populated area was a long row of beach houses just east of Mobile Bay, which I found out later is called Fort Morgan. It dwindles and finally ends at the real Fort Morgan, an American Civil War structure guarding the strategic peninsula on the east side of the bay entrance, Mobile Point. Once there I had the novel experience of having a tide rip form all about me. I could see that I was heading into a bit of one, then it seemed to grow, dramatically. After that the wind faltered and then died convincingly right in the middle of the ship channel. Nothing was coming right at the moment, but nonetheless I began to ply oars with some determination. An intimidating number of oilfield support vessels, ferries, and container ships were moving rapidly across various points of the horizon. I don't have much to say about the rest of that day, other than that I wore through a good set of oar leathers.

I finally made it across the bay entrance to the similarly strategic position on the other side called Fort Gaines. This one is sited on the eastern tip of Dauphin Island, a populated island with a causeway running to it from the Alabama mainland. Dauphin was cut in half by Katrina and the western half is now unpopulated, with no manmade structures. An oddly-positioned barrier island sits just offshore of Fort Gaines, called Pelican Island. In satellite photographs it resembles the lower jaw of a snake, gaping wide open with the eastern end of Dauphin Island as the head. At the northwest end (the hinge of the jaw) the gap is very small but appears deep in satellite imagery, printouts of which were the only charts that I had. By first light the next morning I had proceeded to this gap and was confounded by what I saw. It was deep enough all right, but blocked by a fishing pier with a big sign that read "No Boats Within 500 Feet." The offshore end of the pier crossed the gap and was planted in sand, or so it first appeared. The tide being dead low and the fishing pier boarded up and shut, I anchored on the island side and had a look around.

Two possibilities presented themselves (aside from beating upwind in light air three miles or so to go around the other end of the island). One was to unstep the mast and shoot the pier that way, which would have been straightforward, though laborious. The offshore end turned out to have a shallow moat around it though, ankle deep. The tide was pouring in so I figured the better option was to wait until there was enough water to wade the boat around through the moat. I went for a walk and then decided to cook breakfast. Halfway through the process the pier opened for business and the first fishermen walked out. The windows of the pier house remained boarded up.

Deciding that it was now or never, I interrupted the breakfast, weighed anchor, and started pushing. Some creativity was required, executing three-point turns into slightly deeper places, judicious digging, and so on. Finally I maneuvered her out of there, nodding and waving at the fishermen. I had decided that my strategy for dealing with the pier dude, should that have become necessary, would be

to play dumb, pleading ignorance. Which wouldn't have been much of stretch.

The best sailing of the trip started right then. Running out into deep water the wind built to a whitecap breeze and I settled into an efficient course surfing the swells due west. The uninhabited half of Dauphin Island fell astern and I spotted the trees of Petit Bois soon thereafter. After a sleigh ride of 25 miles or so I split a pair of seagoing buoys that indicated the ship channel leading into Pascagoula and luffed up for a little head-scratching. I considered heading into the Mississippi Sound to visit Horn Island, after all, I was chasing Walter Anderson. However, a fishing boat came out and headed southwest. A minor procession of birds were going that way, too. Some dolphins came up for air and disappeared in a significant direction and suddenly I knew what to do.

Well, it was a memorable crossing. About the time that Horn Island disappeared under the horizon the swells became longer, higher, and more regular. The water turned an offshore dark blue and Portuguese man o' war shared the waves, heeled over and all on the same course, north. I picked up the Chandeleur light at 2pm and heaved to in the lee of it to take stock of the situation. It was blowing like bloody hell with no land in sight. This was a little unsettling, having heard rumors that the islands were obliterated by Hurricane Katrina. However, the US Geological Survey had recently posted "after" images on their website so I knew there was something out there, somewhere. I took in the jib and began slugging it out upwind, bearing roughly south-southeast. By and by some low tawny lumps were visible from the wave tops and I let out a cheer. It became a matter of doing the ordinary before too much longer and at sunset I was warm and dry, 15' from a hard sand islet with two anchors down and glad to be there.

Leaned back in the twilight on a rolled-up sleeping bag I gazed upon a panorama of new surroundings. A meal of profound squareness and density was nearing completion on a propane stove between my feet. Sea birds were heading to roost, working hard against the whistling wind. I could relate to that. A small shark devoured his prey about 5' from my right elbow, and as soon as dinner finished cooking I could relate to that, too.

The next morning I walked the perimeter of the islet. I had been concerned that the Chandeleurs were going to be one big trash-pile of plastic as they face the prevailing current on one side and the Mississippi River on the other, but it was no worse than usual for a barrier island. Mostly the islands were scoured clean by the hurricanes, though I did find a good football and a 2½gal jug of cooking oil in the first five minutes. There are no trees. The surf zone extended several hundred yards out, perhaps to the former beach area. The current shoreline is clearly not the natural one, full of the roots of bushes and grass.

The high wind finally moderated at mid-morning, so I headed out on a reconnoiter, due south. What appeared to be a large ship very far away turned out to be a small ship only three miles away and I passed close astern. She was a research vessel out of Biloxi with six skiffs strung out like ducklings behind, all with communication antennae. Inshore of the ship was a building set on a spud barge, surrounded by quite a few white plastic pipes stuck down into the bottom.

My boat is a 28' New Haven sharpie designed by Reuel Parker.

I continued to the islands or cays that lie inshore of the main group and was very glad later to have visited. These had beaches of nearly pure shell and the water was clearer. The interiors were salt marsh and bayou systems. Walter Anderson studied pelican colonies here and noted their demise and near extinction from DDT. Among these cays the water was plenty deep enough for a cruising boat. I checked one protected anchorage between the northernmost two islands with my long bamboo pole and it was 7' over sandy bottom. I explored farther south until I could see the southern light and then turned back, very impressed with the Chandeleurs. It is dark and simply wonderful at night, no electric lights are visible. The air was as pure as any I have ever experienced. I saw three fishing boats, the research vessel mentioned, and that's it. There are no signs posting anything at all. Bugs were no problem, but it was windy.

Not being able to tune in a weather forecast, I watched the sky carefully that night. A big ring surrounded the moon. I decided that I had better head back when the wind started clocking south (it was still east) and in the morning it was southeast. A few of the gaps between islands have enough tide running through so that they are useful as passes. The evening before I had surveyed the widest and deepest of these. At sunrise conditions were safe for crossing the bar through a gap in the surf where the swells got steep but didn't break. Liking this old-style passage, I punched through and set a course for the west end of Horn, about north. After another good crossing, this one in much lighter weather, I sailed around to the bay side and went ashore for a hike.

Fifteen miles long, Horn Island makes an altogether different impression than the friendly isles of the Chandeleurs. It became plain to me how acetic Walter Anderson must have been. From atop a dune I looked through binoculars across to the mainland, toward the artist's points of departure. It is a long, hard way. His usual mode of transport was a decrepit skiff. Then I turned and scanned the harsh interior, a wilderness of savanna, marsh, bayou, and pine woods, much of the latter killed by salt.

I returned to sailing with a fresh perspective and spent the rest of the day going to weather in the Mississippi Sound. The wind had gone back around to the east and was blowing hard again. Nevertheless, I began having a ripping good time and was able to beat up the full length of the island. At sunset I headed in to anchor. The east end of Horn is the end nearer to Pascagoula and some fools had been out there throwing trash and beer cans around, but otherwise the terrain was quite striking with high dunes and, as I mentioned before, it is vast. I climbed the largest dune to take in a vista and decided it was the very same dune that I had climbed on my first visit in high school. I grew up over there on the coast of Mississippi. Sometime in the '90s I returned with my girlfriend in kayaks. We had an unforgettable crossing on Christmas Day in a hard norther, and so "motivated" was she to get through the most exposed part of the Sound (it is about ten miles across) she left me far behind, paddling so fast as to pull a noticeable stern wave. I've never seen an athletic performance anything like it. As she reached the bayside beach and battled the surf I could see her paddle blades twinkling in the sun, right at the limit of my far vision. That norther lasted for five days. She didn't have much to say for the first couple of them.

Scores of horseshoe crabs inhabited the anchorage, apparently gathered together for some kind of full-moon mating event. My anchors, half buried in the sandy bottom, evidently drove a few of the smaller ones wild with desire. In the morning I sailed over to Pascagoula to check out the hurricane damage. Along the way I passed near Round Island, once the site of a lighthouse. Every tree was dead and the lighthouse was destroyed. Only the foundation and first few courses of masonry were left. The mainland at first glance had fared much better, but approaching the front road along the beach it became apparent the many of the houses were new. Some of the grand circular driveways now led to manufactured housing units and FEMA trailers. The oaks looked in pretty good shape though, covered in new growth. Most remaining pines leaned toward the northwest.

The wind remained frustratingly light, and it took most of the day to gain the lee side of Petit Bois Island, east of Horn in the National Seashore chain. Once there, the wind began to veer southerly and I was able to clear Petit Bois and bridge the gap to Dauphin Island, just out of sight over the

horizon. I anchored for the night in deep water behind the hook of Dauphin's west end. The sea was filled with an extraordinary phosphorescence, bluer and more electric than normally seen.

The next morning, a Friday, began innocently enough with the usual light easterly. Its direction was the reciprocal of my course but there was not much to be done about that. Deciding to do a long board clear across the Mississippi Sound, as I had never been over there around Bayou LaFourche and Bayou La Batre (the locals say, "by-lah-BAT-tree"), I hauled my wind and headed north. Just about the latitude of the Intracoastal Waterway, about halfway across, a strong wind out of clear blue sky came sweeping in most boisterously. My eyelids would actually flutter (flog?) whenever I looked straight to windward. The center of the Sound quickly became not a good place to be. The island side seemed to offer slightly more of a lee so I tacked to take advantage. Mysteriously I crossed the bow of the only sailboat seen sailing during the trip right about this time. That gentleman was jogging along under a partially furled jib, snug behind his dodger, in perfect control. On the other hand, my progress (in the wrong direction) could only have reminded him of rodeo bull riding or perhaps a submarine preparing to dive.

Nearing the island again I was nearly overcome by the "chute" of wind that seems to form right along shore when the wind is only slightly oblique to it. Having had enough, I ran up into 2' of water and anchored. Even that shallow the boat was still pitching badly. Not too far away was the place where Dauphin Island was bisected during the Katrina summer. The pass was breaking all the way across and the leftover swell was wrapping around the island, running straight down the bay side. Hoping that things would settle down in the afternoon, I waded ashore and went for a walk. Dauphin seemed a much less harsh place than Horn, and indeed the soft brown grass in the lee of a small dune soon changed the plan from walking to napping. Sometimes just lying flat, in shade, on a surface that doesn't move is enough to give rise to a perfect happiness.

Late in the day, I walked to the cut and was able to get a phone signal. A few moments later the trip had basically ended. A good friend had died suddenly and it was time to go home. I called my father, who is over 70 now but plenty spry enough to show up in Bayou La Batre, at least 150 miles from home with an unfamiliar boat trailer, at 9:00 the next morning. Good old Pop. Crossing the Mobile Bay causeway at highway speed we looked down to see it covered with whitecaps from the persistent east wind, still blowing hard.

**Epilogue:** You can see all of this clearly, including good pictures of the Chandeleurs, by going to Google, clicking on the "Maps" link, and typing the places mentioned. From there you will be able to choose either a map or a satellite image. I recommend satellite. Writing the story, I did this for Pelican Island to make sure it worked and the pier in the story is clearly visible. Making preparations for the trip it was not there, or else I had not zoomed enough. Perhaps Google finally updated the image.

**Who Was Walter Anderson?**

An artist and author of unusual temperament, high technical achievement, and singular lifestyle, this native of the Mississippi Gulf Coast, known by his friends and family as Bob, spent long periods from 1947 until 1965 (the year of his death) on the islands offshore of his home and studio in Ocean Springs, especially Horn Island. Read the internet Wikipedia entry for a superb biographical summary, including descriptions of a few nearly unbelievable exploits such as riding his bicycle across China to examine Tibetan murals, or walking home 1,000 miles to Mississippi after escaping from a mental hospital in Baltimore. According to the Walter Anderson Museum of Art website (this is a quote from the curator, Joey Rice), "His paintings from the Horn Island period present a conundrum for the viewer. They were not intended to be polished works of art ready for exhibition, nor were they historical or autobiographical works. In truth, the real meaning of the paintings lies in the fact that they are the evidence or by-product of the artist's search for 'realization.'"

And that is just what they look like. Furthermore (and this is a quote from his son, John Anderson), "The critical message which is subtly conveyed throughout all of Walter Anderson's later paintings is the 'state of being' of the artist who painted them."

That is right on the money, too. Examples of his art are posted on the museum's website.

Perhaps the thing that impresses me the most about Anderson his fortitude. I have visited some of the bayous and lagoons in which he would think nothing of spending the day in, chest deep and holding his drawing materials up out of the water, sketching a heron or something. I was barely able to tolerate standing on the bank for a few minutes. Horn Island is a daunting place. With contrary or nonexistent wind, or tired of rowing, Anderson would get out of his skiff and push across the shallows for miles. I simply don't see how he could get away with it considering the number of stingrays and small sharks in the area. And yet he did, year after year.

Finally, here is a quote from the man himself, "The first poetry is always written against the wind by sailors and farmers who sing with the wind in their teeth. The second poetry is written by scholars and students, wine drinkers who [have] learned to know a good thing. The third poetry is sometimes never written; but when it is, it is written by those who have brought nature and art together into one thing."

Horn Island, interior. These are old photographs. Note disgruntled girlfriend.

# A Close Call

By Dan Rogers

I borrowed this canoe and 5hp Evinrude once upon a time. Kind of an odd combination but I had this interesting idea and it seemed like I should take a shot at it. Actually, it was a pretty dumb idea.

I have paddled canoes lots of times. I started out in the old, bent oak ribbed, cedar shelled, canvas skinned relics. We were taught from early on how to carefully tote them down to the water's edge and rotate double handed to the 'midships thwart. That was the launching position of choice. To this very moment I can recall with clarity the steps. The objective was to insert the boat into the water without ever touching sand or, heaven forbid, rocks of any description. One was expected to enter the boat from ankle or knee deep water, depending upon whether you were to be bow stroke or stern man.

I suppose there could have been something denoting a "stern woman." But I'm pretty certain that, at least until about 1965 or so, girls were expected to ride in a canoe facing astern, essentially as ornamental cargo. Perhaps sporting a parasol. It would be the stuff of total fantasy but I believe there were artists' renderings in *Field and Stream* ads depicting said damsel serenading the swain, astern operating the paddle, with a guitar! Now it's pretty hard to imagine getting all that into a traditional canvas covered canoe without so much as touching the sand. Well, like I said, artists' renderings.

It was also extremely bad form to track any sand into the interior of the boat. That would mar the varnish work and, I am told, ultimately insert itself into the very structure of the craft itself, wreaking untold havoc on the hull/rib contacts. Some of us worried about that stuff.

Those "more modern," aluminum canoes were a whole lot more durable. They were a bunch lighter. One could actually get them going pretty well with the "gun'l jump" method of paddle-less propulsion. But man, oh man, they were cold in the winter. I remember being cracked across both calves as one of those boats rolled over on me. It is a bit of a challenge to right and empty a swamped canoe with both legs paralyzed. And there is absolutely nothing noisier than a group of boys paddling a bunch of aluminum canoes. Even the slightest bang upon the side with a wooden paddle will echo for miles across the water.

My right wrist is probably dented still from that totally unforgiving aluminum extrusion riveted on in lieu of the traditional ash in'ls and out'ls. The contact came after a few hundred J-strokes when my 11-year-old, and really small, wrists could no longer control the loom of the paddle as it passed close to the edge of the boat.

Of course, there was no sitting on the thwarts. One knelt against the thwart in a wood canoe because, I guess, the thing just wasn't strong enough to support my scrawny 65lb frame. Don't have a clue why I couldn't sit on the aluminum one. Those babies were about the same weight and diameter as the chinning bars we were supposed to "gimme ten" on. Tradition was a powerful tool then.

I've paddled fiberglass canoes. But those tubs were just plain heavy. This was certainly long before vacuum bagging and carbon fiber inserts. Rotomolded boats were not even thought of yet. What I am driving at is, I REALLY SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER.

But the borrowed canoe was a "civilian" model. Yeah, it had SEATS. Seats designed for people with knees that they intended to use for walking and running later in life, I guess. Other than that, it was the same general dimensions of the ones I had paddled on lake and river, in the image of an Iroquois war party, no doubt. Anyway, this deal with the borrowed canoe and motor was one of abject stupidity, albeit, in the interest of science.

The idea was innocent enough. What I had in mind was propelling this canoe with an outboard motor. People did that. But the conventional method was to use a square-sterned canoe. This one was, unfortunately, pointy on both ends. No problem. I have always been a rather inventive fellow so what I figured was that all I had to do was clamp the motor on one side of the boat and lean the other way to compensate. Well, that didn't exactly work out.

The motor in question didn't turn more than about 45° to either side. And the end of a canoe tapers at about 20° from centerline. Yep. That leaves about 25° offset. And, as you might imagine, the side of an aluminum canoe isn't exactly designed to carry the point loading of an outboard's mounting clamps. This 5hp OMC was still of the cast aluminum cowling and heavy duty innards era. Pretty heavy, all in all. And, to add to the complications, it was one of the more modern, remote gas tank variety. So the tank goes as far forward as possible. The motor goes most of the way aft to reduce the offset problem to the least possible angle. And a stray piece of 2x4 was pressed into service as "transom pad."

All I had to do was get the boat in the water, load the gas tank, and hang the motor on this unfastened chunk of wood and thin aluminum side plating without everything twisting around and taking a swim. Oh yeah, and get in and pull the starter cord and adjust the choke and carb high and low speed screws and twist the twist grip throttle. And off I went.

Now the "I can't believe I did that" moment began in earnest. As the boat took off, and started to bury the stern under the press of way too much horsepower, I had to do the obvious thing and crawl forward to bring the bow down closer to the horizon. Yeah, AWAY from the twist grip throttle. The one that is now wide open. The astute reader will also remember the offset dilemma.

I could keep the boat running more or less straight, and level, by crawling way up forward and leaning out over the water on the opposite side from the motor. Wow, we were flying! I say "we" to indicate the boat, gas tank, motor, unfastened shim board, idiot hanging on for dear life, and the guardian angel that had to be aboard.

Now to the real problem. Assuming the motor didn't swing into a more offset angle and sluice the whole shebang into instant whirlpool, assuming the hunk of 2x4 didn't vibrate loose enough to allow the motor clamps to come loose from the boat, assuming I could continue to maintain my ability to steer with a combination of hiking and trimming, I still couldn't get back to the roaring engine to slow it or shut it down. The hose was hard mounted to the gas tank so the only disconnect was at the inaccessible end of the boat. Actually, the real disconnect was between my very own ears. The options were down to just one. I had to hang on and run this contraption up and down the lake until I ran out of gas. No, I'm not making this up.

# Mudskippers

## Small Boats in Mud Berths on the North Wales Coast

By Richard Smith

Unlike most fish, mudskippers (Periophthalmus barbarus) spend much of their life out of water. They're found in the intertidal zone living happily on the margin of land and sea in fluctuating water qualities and quantities.

When aground, mudskippers rotate their eyes to put pressure on water held in special tanks behind their ears. The re-oxygenated water lubricates the gills allowing them to function normally in the air. They also use highly modified pectoral fins like legs, instead of swimming they walk on land and under water.

Staying with friends on the island of Anglesey off the North Wales coast, I am surrounded by small boats that take the ground up to twice a day, lying more or less comfortably in the mud and sand and floating off when the tide rises. Some, higher up, float far less often. They're all around, these amphibians, at home both at sea and on land. There's a flotilla of them just down the road off Gallows Point and more across the Menai Straits at Port Penrhyn just north of Bangor. There is one just outside my window as I write this, an RIB that rises and falls along with its small dock. It's at rest now on a rock ledge and will float off in a few hours to once again join the pair of swans and a gaggle of geese that paddle and preen near by.

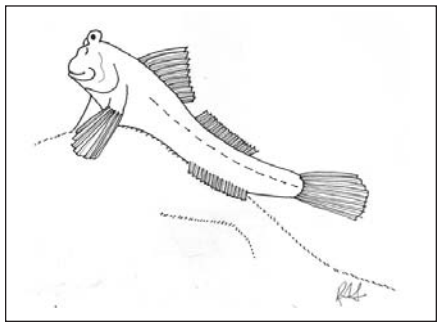
A closer look at boats lying in the mud and sand requires a good pair of Wellingtons. I found a pair at a local iron monger's shop. Soft and green, these rubber, calf-length boots should fit well enough to stay on when caught in the ooze. I'm told that more dedicated mud sailors wear "mud shoes" that attach to Wellies, snowshoe fashion. Short ropes are attached to the front ends and yanked up to free the toes from particularly viscous mud as skippers walk to their boats.

Like mudskippers, twin-keelers are boats that take the ground as a matter of course, every day, year-in and year-out, and have special adaptations. Most of those around this island are twin-keelers, stout of build, well used and maintained. There are many variations. Some are rather thin, leggy affairs that place the boat well above the ground. Others offer shallower draft and more stolid standing. Some attach to firm bilged hulls while others, fastened to more slack bilged boats, carry their keels less for lateral resistance and more for the ability to sit upright on the ground. Most twin-keelers around this part of the North Wales coast hark back to the '60s and '70s.

Some steel plate keels are bolted on at about 15° to 20° from vertical while other and older fiberglass boats have encapsulated ballast keels that hang straight down as they must to facilitate release from the mold. The angle that keels make with the vertical, along with many other factors such as the profile, shape of cross sections, depth, and degree of toe-in affect sailing performance considerably. Boats with shorter, thicker, and more vertical keels are said to be less close winded and make more leeway than their splayed-keel sisters.

Iron keels are often cast with a flare or bulb at the bottom to gain a better footing in soft mud as well as to lower the center of gravity. Some boats have lightweight, bonded-in steel plates upturned at the bottom. They resemble "Scheel" keels and provide a similar affect when the boat is heeled and the leeward keel approaches the vertical and optimum sailing position.

The profile of some keels is curved and flamboyant, less rectangular than most. Some of these are built of steel plate that extends



Mudskipper (Periophthalmusbarbaarus).

down to an upturned trailing fin that provides more surface contact with the ground as well as greater lateral resistance lower down. Some owners have improvised with all manner of additional ballast, zincs, and other fitments to affect better lateral resistance and a more solid contact with the ground.

Early research: Twin-keelers are nothing new. They've been around for over 80 years. One of the first known boats was the 25' *Blue Bird* designed by Lord Riverdale in the 1920s. By the '30s the famous 48' *Bird of Thorne* was attracting considerable attention in the yachting press for its speed as well as its departure from more traditional underwater shapes. Both of these boats had twin rudders and are still sailing today. By the 1960s and '70s Lord Riverdale's research had inspired many designers. Twin-keelers were to be found in large numbers in Europe, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa but the idea failed to catch on in the United States, possibly because of the vast areas of deep water moorings available to yachtsmen in this country, widespread trailer boating, and a general lack of familiarity with, or confidence in, the type.

Other Types: In addition to twin-keelers there are many bilge-keelers taking the ground in more or less upright positions along the Anglesey coast. Bilge-keelers generally have long and shallow ballast keels right down the middle but carry short steel plates on either side. The affect on lateral resistance of this additional underwater hardware is debatable but they clearly afford the advantage of allowing the boat to take the ground in an upright way.

The great English yacht designer and estimable Editor of *Yachting Monthly*, Maurice Griffiths, was an advocate of bilge-keelers and has written extensively of the benefits to shoal draft of multiple keels.

"It can be said that twin bilge keels, with or without a central ballast keel, have superceded the centerboard for coastal cruising and deep sea voyaging. Ranging from the little Robert Tucker-designed Silhouette class through the hundreds of *Yachting Monthly* Eventide and Waterwitch bilge-keelers to the Golden Hind 31 range with their world-ranging records, there are many other proprietary twin keel cruising yachts in production. These shoal draft bilge-keelers form a considerable proportion of family yachts to be found in all parts of the world, all of them able to take the ground on occasion in safety and comfort." (From the foreword to *Little Ships and Shoal Waters* by Maurice Griffiths. Third Impression 1985).

Although less common in Europe than North America, small centerboard cruising sailboats such as the flat-bottomed designs of William and John Atkin happily take the ground in an upright fashion. I cruised in one of these, the William Atkin 18' Red Onion for years. I'd work *Minka* well up into tidal streams beyond popular anchorages where I'd take the ground, well protected and away from more exposed and heavily populated anchorages in deeper water.

I once owned a Fairey Atalanta that had rather firm bilges and ballasted twin lifting keels. The keels were cast iron and hung straight down causing the boat to bear a marked resemblance to a duck (or a swan, as I sometimes thought). She sailed well with either one or both keels placed to balance various sail combinations and sea states.

With her keels well cranked up, *Jane Duck* took the ground year-in and year-out, settling into her mud berth to provide reasonable liveaboard accommodation at all stages of the tide. Conceived as an airborne lifeboat, the Atalanta confronted the rigors of daily groundings on the Heswall bank just as she did being dropped by parachute into the English Channel. Because of her light, hot-molded hull, however, particular attention must be given to settling upon rocks, old anchor flukes, abandoned car engines, and other such hazards to the mudskippers' navigation as the tide runs out.

Legs: Some round and V-bottom boats dry out with the aid of "legs," strong wood or metal supports that extend to the ground on either side to keep the yacht upright. Legs are bolted through the hull or rub rail at or near deck level amidships and positioned with the aid of lines that run from the bottom of the legs up to bow and stern cleats. Some boats have metal pipe legs that move in tubes glassed-in or otherwise attached to the hull. The legs can then be adjusted up or down from inside the boat to compensate for uneven bottom conditions.

It should be said, however, that the sometimes uneven viscosity of mud and sand can cause a boat to dig in one keel or leg and go over. This is one advantage of the flat-bottomed or firm-bilged boats that make a large footprint that allows them to ride over uneven ground. With repeated groundings, these boats can mold their own custom "mud berths."

Boats that sit firmly and upright on tidal flats tend to do the same on flatbed trucks, requiring little in the way of special hauling arrangements. They also lie comfortably in boatyards, requiring little more than a 2x4 to help prop up the longer ends found on some of the modern boats having keels with higher aspect ratios. This is of particular advantage in Britain where many yards still rely on improvised timber props and 50gal oil drums to keep boats upright on the hard.

Moorings: I was in Anglesey during the early part of April when most boats were still in the yards being scraped, painted, and otherwise outfitted for the season. Still, I crawled over rocks and seaweed, plodded through the mud and tide pools to find several boats that had found their moorings. In addition to mooring from the bow by a single painter, many boats were secured with lines that ran out from the bow and stern, two at either end, at something like 45° angles. They consisted of stout lines of ¾" or so nylon bent

to heavy chain that was sometimes weighted with sentinels made up of sash cord weights or concrete poured into plastic pails. The chain ran out to one or two anchors in line about 50' or so from the boat. This method restricted swinging with wind and tide and kept the boats in relatively fixed positions.

Lines were often doubled or trebled up and bent to trees or other shore-side opportunities with due regard for the affects of wind and tide, the movements of other boats, abrupt changes in bottom contours, and other grounding hazards. Perhaps most important was the selection of a good sheltered anchorage, secure from most of the ravages of wave action and heavy wakes which can cause the boat to drop heavily upon the bottom.

Some Obvious Advantages: As the cost of marina moorings seems to rise out of all proportion to what they were a few years ago, a boat which can rise and fall with the tide, providing access by foot as well as by tender may be seen as a more economical alternative that would suit many sailors. Boats may be located closer to home in some instances or sailed into estuarial reaches or tide flats where only boats able to lie aground may be taken. This opens up myriad opportunities for gunkholing denied to the vast majority of cruising sailboats.

My own experience is that taking the ground also makes maintenance easier and hence more likely to be carried out. A quick check of sea cocks, particularly engine cooling water intakes, transducers, and speed log impellers along with scraping off shaft and propeller barnacles and changing zincs are all made easier by frequent bottom inspections made possible by a boat that takes the ground between tides.

Some Less Obvious Advantages: Twin and bilge-keelers stemming from the 1960s and '70s gained reputations for being slow and not very close winded. Though fairly quick on a broad reach, they could be sluggish when running. Their rudders stalled more easily without the flow of water directed to them by a single keel. I recall sailing a Vivacity twin-keeler in the '80s that seemed to refuse to accept pinching of any sort. On the wind and just when the slightest luffing began to appear, she snapped onto the other tack. It may have been an ornery habit of the type or, what is more likely, the sailor's lack of experience in handling twin-keelers.

There are as many views of the sailing characteristics of twin-keelers as there are sailors, but I am prepared to believe that they must be sailed a little differently than boats with a single keel or centerboard. Be that as it may, the design of twin-keelers has been much improved during the last 30 or 40 years by virtue of decades of trial-and-error experience, tank testing, and good research.

According to Bray Yacht Design and Research of White Rock, British Columbia, modern twin-keelers can be designed with less wetted surface than cruising yachts with full or long, single fin keels. Asymmetrical keels that present a flat surface to leeward of the leeward keel result in greater efficiency and therefore can be smaller with less wetted area. This improves light air performance by reducing drag while still allowing good directional stability.

The David Thomas-designed range of (British) Hunters of the '80s have been raced with great success. The Horizon 26's keels are asymmetric in section (as are the Vivacity keels) with 5° toe-in and flared sections that are said to give better windward ability. There are many other boats that offer performance unheard of in earlier twin-keelers.

The boat with a single keel becomes less effective with increased angles of heel but when a twin-keeler heels over, the leeward keel projects further down, becoming more vertical and increasing lateral resistance. The windward keel, in a more horizontal position, creates downward lift that increases the righting moment and the ability to carry more sail. The splayed keels also force water up to the root of the fin instead of spilling over the tip as with a single keel. According to Bray, hydrodynamic tests have shown that decreasing end tip loss can double the effectiveness of a fin keel.

Other advantages are claimed as well. Twin keels are said to cancel out the stern wave and give a flatter wake, increasing the maximum speed of the hull as much as 15-20%. But to insure this advantage, tank testing is necessary to find the exact placement of the keels, fore and aft. Speed and fuel consumption under power may increase as the prop can work in clear water away from the shrouding affects of keel and rudder.

A modern French twin-keeler, the plywood RM 1200, part racer and part cruiser, seems to usher in a new generation of mud skipping yachts. This is a big boat, 39'4" with an almost 14' beam. Marc Lombard's design envisages a boat whose twin keels are about more than the ability to take the ground between tides. They are part of an overall design concept that requires two keels. Their thin, high aspect ratio keels and deep rudder hold this 21st century boat high out of the water at low tide, presenting an insect-like appearance which is in sharp contrast to the old Macwesters, Centaurs, Silhouettes, and Debutantes that stand in Anglesey mud.

But for me, the real pleasure of sailing a small boat that can take the ground is the prospect that any tidal anchorage need have no more than two or three feet of water. If she is close winded and fast, so much the better, but I like to anchor in shallow water and wake up far away from the madding crowd, waiting for the seas that promise an entirely different pleasure.

Bray Yacht Design: www.brayyachtdesign.bc.ca

Working on the mud near the boat in "Wellies".

Sitting in the mud with the rudder apparently balancing the load lengthwise.

Example of vertical twin keels.

Example of angled bilge keels supplementing a central ballast keel.

# Ram-Tancook-Pungy

By Greg Grundtisch

The Ram schooner *Victory Chimes* sailing off the coast of Maine

The Tancook schooner *Sara B.* with a unique fisherman's staysail and boom gallows.

The Pungy schooner *Lady Maryland* built in 1985. She is 104' long with a 22' beam and 7½' draft. The hull is painted pink with a green top strake, traditional colors for Pungys.

Ram, Tancook, and Pungy are just a few schooner designs built for specific uses in local areas. There are many other schooner designs with many variations on hull shape and sail plan. I chose these three because they are not as well known as the coasting and salt bank schooners of New England that we read so much about.

The name "ram schooner" is said to come from vessels built on the Delaware and Chesapeake Bay. They were "rammed through" the Delaware and Chesapeake canal. That is the current thinking on the name origin but there is still some debate as to the accuracy of the name. That is because there are inside and outside rams. The inside rams were slightly less than 24' beam, and slab sided to get through the canal. The wider or outside rams had to go coastwise, around the Delmarva Peninsula. Thus the accuracy of the "ram" origin. Rams were used primarily for cargo carrying in the mid-Atlantic area. Other local designs were used in the fisheries trade.

There is one surviving ram schooner. She now carries passengers out of Rockland, Maine, as part of the Maine Windjammer fleet. Her original name was the *Edwin and Maud*, named after the first captain's two children. It was later changed to *Victory Chimes*. She was named *Domino Effect* for two years after Dominos Pizza purchased her for an unsuccessful passenger-carrying venture on the Great Lakes. Following that failure she was used as a corporate cruise and goodwill ship. She was sold again and sailed back to Rockland where she is currently located, with her name once again *Victory Chimes*. She is three masted, built in 1900 in Bethel, Delaware, and is the schooner depicted on the Main State quarter.

A Tancook schooner (not a Whaler) is a vessel of finer lines, built primarily for the inshore fisheries and the coasting trade (carrying cabbage) in the Canadian Maritimes. They were known as "little Bluenoses." Their greatest design and development came and went rather quickly, primarily from the beginning of WWI to shortly after WWII. Tancooks were designed and built on the island(s) of their origin, the Tancook Islands of Mahone Bay between Lunenburg and Halifax, Nova Scotia. Most were built on the largest and most populated, Great Tancook Island.

The design grew and developed on the island but the actual origins are a little uncertain. There are some conflicting thoughts on the way earlier vessels influenced the Tancook builders over the years. The one certain thing is that the "final" or current design is very appealing. They were built well and looked well and because of that they lent themselves well to conversion and design adaptation to yachts when their working years came to an end.

The Tancook has a round or spoon bow with a heavy bowsprit, an elliptical counter stern, (some have a V-shape transom). They were a bit trimmer in beam and not as deep as the typical salt bank schooners and were a little quicker, another reason for yacht conversion. They were known to be very seaworthy and were the choice of several around-the-world yachtsmen.

There is a 47' Tancook schooner sailing Lake Ontario out of Fairport, New York. She is the *Sara B*, owned by Susan and Chris Gateley, two notable and accomplished Great Lakes sailors. They won *Sara B* on an eBay auction in 2004. Check the website listed at the end of this article to see some beautiful photos of *Sara B* and some of the work that has been completed.

What is a Pungy, you might ask? Me, too. The name caught my attention and I had to find out just what it was. Pungy seems to have come from the Indian (Native American for the PC crowd) names of two towns that most schooners of this design were built. The towns are Pungoteague and Machipungo in the southern part of the eastern shore of Virginia. This name's origin is another one that has yet to be confirmed conclusively, but it is the present day belief.

Pungy schooners had two raked back masts, a "spike" bowsprit with one single jib, and no jib boom. They had clipper bows, a bit more narrow and finer than the Baltimore Clippers. Some were "chunk built" in sections rather than planked fore and aft. Chunks were pieces of logs cut to shape and drift bolted in place. Rather than bulwarks there were logs fastened around the decks. Most Pungys had rectangular transom sterns, with most of it above the waterline. They were built of native pine and oak, built mostly by the watermen themselves, primarily with an adz, plane, and slick. Some naval historians consider them as the final evolution of the Baltimore clipper, scaled down in size and sail plan for oystering. They had a distinctive color called Pungy pink, a fleshlike color made of local pigments painted on the hull with a green top strake. Lighter or white pigments were not available or too costly.

The one thing for certain when it comes to schooners is there is nothing certain when it comes to original names and design origins. Fodder for boat shop banter.

It is said by many, myself for sure, that a schooner is the best designed boat ever. Not only because of the pretty lines and shapely sails, but also because of their seaworthiness under extreme conditions and the many options of sail combinations available for those conditions.

It is also said by many, me as well, that the *Bluenose* was the best designed schooner, ever. Her designer was W.J. Roue. One could well argue Starling Burgess for top honors, too. Herreshoff, Crosby, Atkins, perhaps? More fodder for shop banter?

There have been many books, magazine articles, etc., written about schooners and their builders and designers, detailing which ones are better than, or improved over, another. *Bluenose* wins.

To find out more about schooners and their designs and origins read the following or check the web:

Books: *The Schooner*, by David R. Macgregor; *Chesapeake Bay Schooners*, by Quentin Seedier and Ann Jensen; *American Sailing Schooners of the North Atlantic*, by Paul C. Morris; *The Tancook Schooners*, by Wayne M. O'Leary; *Bluenose*, by Brian and Phil Backman. Howard Chapelle has several books on schooners, too.

Web: Sarab.brownroad.com, info on the Tancook schooner *Sara B.* Schoonerman.com, listing of schooners worldwide. asa.org, The American Schooner association.

# Some of What Floats Also Flies

By Hans Scheuter

The Harrison Warthogs are my local model airplane flying club. We fly year round, weather permitting, and off-season often spend much time around a 55gal drum with a roaring fire in it to keep us warm. No fancy indoor facilities of any kind around here.

In the summer, on the other hand, we meet at Bull Shoals, the local lake, to fly off the water. For me this would be great, if I had the opportunity. Last year, getting my first seaplane ready to fly, the muffler fell off the engine and I did not have a spare mounting screw, therefore could not fly that day. After I arrived at home my son backed over the wing of the plane which I had carelessly left lying on the driveway. End of my seaplane…

I have not replaced the wing as yet, and for good reason. I am not a very good pilot with powered model planes, yet landing one on a lake might be great practice as the "runway" is so much wider and longer than the mowed grass strip at home. But I have other things to do.

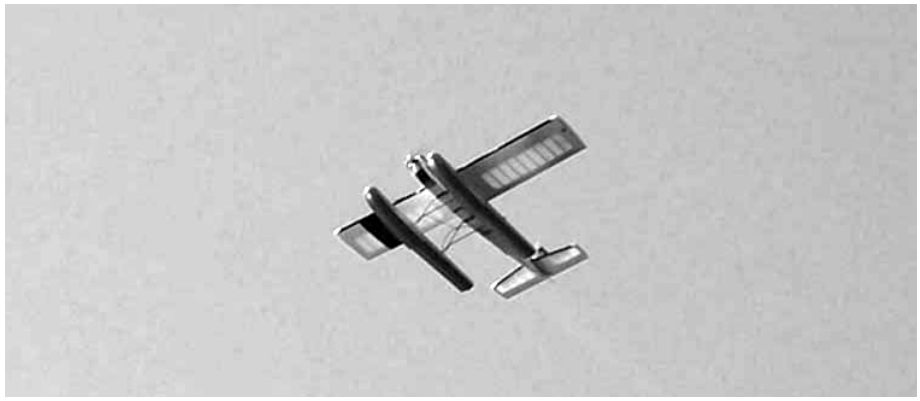
Being a paddler from way back, I volunteered for the job of "retriever." Often a motor runs fine during testing, but the minute the plane takes off it sputters, stalls, and sometimes just quits. The pilot must then (as with "real" airplanes) put the nose down and land "dead stick" wherever he happens to be. So now the plane floats 200' offshore, slowly drifting wherever the wind might take it.

What to do? Call the retriever! That would be me. I climb into the kayak and head out to where the plane is drifting. Upon arrival I attach a line to the float struts if it is a float plane, or wrap the line around the propeller if we're talking about a seaplane. Then I tow it back to shore to the grateful owner/pilot.

Float plane underway on take-off.

Sometimes things go wrong. A truly botched landing can destroy a plane. I have seen the entire front part of a fuselage break off and disappear into the depths of the lake; motor, propeller, fuel tank, and all. Broken wings or ripped tail sections require the retriever to pick up the floating debris, stow it all in the cockpit, and paddle back to shore under the sad eyes of the entire group.

My flying friends feel so badly for me, that I should sacrifice the opportunity to fly and be "stuck" on the water. They simply do not take into account my passion for paddling and the appreciation for every opportunity to mess about in boats.



Float plane airborne.

Rescue at sea.

# Dulcibella

## A Traditional Lapstrake Tender

By Warren Jordan

A few years ago I assigned myself the mission of designing a traditional lapstrake boat that could be readily built by the non-professional and that would serve as an instructional project for those wanting to learn a challenging new boat building skill. I chose traditional construction because one of my goals as a boat builder has always been the perpetuation of the time-honored skills of the shipwright. I feel that in learning and using traditional construction methods, contemporary builders not only get the sense of achievement of working with the elements of their ancestors, but in doing so are preserving some of our rich nautical heritage.

Besides, building a traditional wooden boat is one of the few endeavors left these days that challenge both hand and mind. A little time and work is required to learn the joinery techniques, but the satisfaction to be gained is enormous and both the trade and the product are deserving of the effort. I also like to employ hull forms that have proven to be the most efficient for their purpose, bearing in mind that the "old salts" who used these boats had only oar, paddle, sail, or low-powered machinery for propulsion. Their boats simply had to be of efficient design, a concept that makes good sense, even today.

To the uninitiated, traditional boat building techniques can appear mysterious and beyond reach but that's really not the case, particularly with lapstrake. Many who haven't tried it assume that lapstrake construction is difficult but, in fact, it is not hard to learn and is much easier than carvel planking since there is no need for precision edge-to-edge fitting and hollowing of planks. Granted, since all plank laps are visible they require careful layout, but that is the art and beauty of lapstrake. And for those wanting a boat with that unique look of old-fashioned elegance, it's hard to beat lapstrake.

Besides the distinctive appearance of a lapstrake hull there are many other advantages to consider. They are light and flexible and able to carry heavy loads in rough conditions, which is why some types were developed and extensively used by fishermen and rescue teams (and rum-runners) who had to launch and land their boats through the surf. Because the lap joint has innate watertight integrity, lapstrake boats can be left out of the water without fear of developing leaks when the planks dry out and shrink. For this reason they are an excellent choice for yacht tenders and trailering.

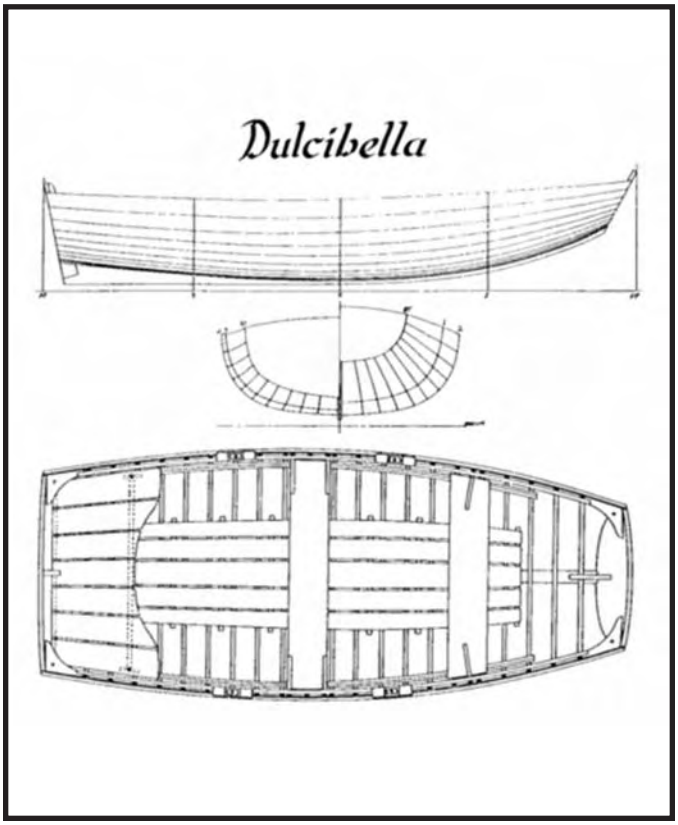
The result of my mission was Dulcibella, a 10'x4' lapstrake rowing boat that I designed in the tradition of the renowned Norwegian pram. This style of pram originated in Scandinavian waters where they proved to be fine tenders, rowing easily and towing well behind a yacht at sea. Dulcibella is both classically elegant in appearance and practical, offering excellent stability and load-carrying ability in a relatively short length, making her an especially good recreational rowing or fly fishing boat. Two rowing positions provide good balance under various loading conditions and she is very responsive to the oars.

I chose the pram style hull because of the ease of construction it offers the novice lapstrake builder, the thin planks bend easily into place with very little twist in the ends, the area that gives the most trouble in lapstrake construction. To help the non-professional builder I've added details that aren't usually found in stock plans. The plans for Dulcibella include large scale construction drawings for all assemblies, full size patterns for molds and transoms, and diagrams for the simple ladder frame jig and set-up procedure.

Although the plank positions are marked on the transom and station mold patterns, shapes of planks still need to be spiled. Spiling is not at all difficult to learn. It is the process by which the boat builder gauges the shape of a plank or other curved hull part so when that information is transferred to a flat board the resulting part will fit perfectly when installed on the boat. To clarify the building process, comprehensive construction notes are number keyed to the corresponding assemblies in all the drawings. And since it's often hard to find well balanced oars in the proper length, I include plans for making your own oars to fit Dulcibella.

For those of you wondering about the origin of the name Dulcibella, I borrowed it from the book, *The Riddle of the Sands*. Written in 1903 by Erskine Childers it is, to my mind, perhaps the best small boat sailing adventure novel ever penned. Dulcibella was the name of the little sailboat around which this intriguing story unfolds.

If you are interested in the plans for Dulcibella or would like additional information on my other designs and products, please take a look at my website: www.jordanwoodboats.com.




# Chesapeake Light Craft Launches Wood Duck 10 and 12 Kayak Kits

Chesapeake Light Craft has launched two compact kayaks designed for just about everyone to enjoy on the water. Anyone from age eight to age 80 can enjoy these fun, good-looking recreational kayaks. With big cockpits and ample stability, the emphasis with the Wood Duck series is on comfort. Despite the short waterlines, speed and handling remain excellent with a measured speed of almost 5.5kts in a sprint in the Wood Duck 12.

Compact, easy-to-launch boats just seem to get used the most. In a tenth of the time it takes to launch a heavy boat on a trailer or drag a big canoe down the lawn you can slide one of these little kayaks into the water and be on your way. Keep your Wood Duck on top of the car, ready to toss into all the interesting creeks in your county.

The Wood Ducks are meant for first-time boat builders using the "stitch and glue" technique. Marine grade plywood panels are precision cut on CLC's computerized equipment with "puzzle joints" and pre-drilled stitching holes for fast and accurate assembly. Sheathed in fiberglass inside and out, the Wood Duck will withstand real world abuse on gravel or shell beaches and will bounce over submerged stumps without harm.

Capacity is ample and meant to accommodate a broad range of paddlers. Cockpits are 38" long for easy in and out and legs and knees will not be confined. The Wood Duck 10 will carry paddlers up to 200lbs and the Wood Duck 12 will easily handle a 275lb paddler plus gear. A flush hatch for the rear compartment is standard in all kits, an airtight oval VCP hatch is an option. In either case, both boats can carry a heavy payload in the fore and aft compartments, enough for picnicking, camping, or a whole lot of fishing gear.

The standard kit includes BS-1088 grade okoume plywood throughout. This is a beautiful tropical wood, prized for its grain, light weight, and workability and it's the standard for stitch-and-glue kayak construction at Chesapeake Light Craft. An option is a sapele deck. Sapele is a dense, strong West African species with a wild reddish grain figure. A cedar-strip deck option will be available for both boats shortly.

Construction begins by joining the plywood hull panels with "puzzle joints" to reach the 10' or 12' overall length. Then the panels are brought together along their edges with stitches of copper wire with four bulkheads helping to give the hull shape. The seams are reinforced with thickened epoxy, then fiberglass fabric. The deck is assembled separately from the hull, then stitched and epoxied in place. All of the copper wire stitches are removed prior to the final sheathing of fiberglass fabric. Finally, the cockpit is laminated in place and the rear hatch assembled. A comfortable seat and footbraces, included in the kit, are mounted after the hull has been varnished.

CLC commissioned designer Eric Schade to draw and prototype the Wood Duck 10 and 12. Previously Schade designed the Shearwater series of fast sea kayaks for CLC and they were a giant hit.

Wood Duck kits include instructions, CNC cut and drilled BS 1088 okoume (and optional sapele parts), 1.5gals of no-blush epoxy (CLC #1 Economy Kit), fiberglass, hardware, kayak "tractor" seat, Rapid Pulse backband (three-point adjustable), Keepers footbraces, rear flush deck hatch, forming bulkheads, and deck rigging (bungees and hold-downs).

For more information on the Wood Duck kits or Chesapeake Light Craft, visit www.clcboats.com.

# When Should You Build A Boat?

By Hugh Groth

We really are not talking about a best time of year and whether you are young or old does not matter. The question does not refer to an age, but a stage in your life, or maybe a level of desire. In that case, the short answer is, you should build a boat when you just can't help it. I guess it is a little like knowing when to get married or, for some, going to church. You do it when you feel the need and just can no longer keep from it. Of course, this answer is not so simple for these other things so I would just as soon only deal with the slightly safer subject of boats.

To begin with, I am thinking of small boats, kayaks, canoes, skiffs, or small sailboats, at least as a starter, probably of wood. Although a few basic construction techniques will help, you do not have to be all that good at it for help is usually at hand from those who either have built a boat or have not yet succumbed to their own dreams. Even money is not that much of a concern for the rate of completion can vary to match income. Building a boat becomes something you must do, a vision of something good in your future, and somehow you create the condition that allows it.

There are those who, in making a living, are working for a company that builds boats in quantity for the general market. Although this is as honorable an occupation as any other, this is not building a boat. Rather, it is part of manufacturing a product and for the purpose of this piece does not qualify. On the other hand, if you can find a commercially made boat that has all the attributes you are looking for, you should consider buying it. What is important is to find a boat that is personal, any size, any type, but one that is wholly yours. If you find a good boat that someone else has made, commercially or otherwise, it certainly can get you onto the water in less time.

There is no shame in not building your own boat, but for some creating is as satisfying as paddling, rowing, or sailing. For this person there will be no boat that someone else has made that can satisfy the longing. I am talking about a one-of-a-kind, one-at-a-time craft lovingly built by a person who finds it unavoidable. When the urge to gaze upon, or possibly possess, an excellent boat becomes overpowering, you begin to think that you just may have to build one. You can see it in your mind's eye and you just know that there could not be an existing boat that fits the bill.

Let's assume you know just what you want and there is nothing like it for sale anywhere. The desire is there but the boat is not. So now you have made the decision to build it yourself. You are beginning to become impatient with the needs of daily living and you are crabby and irritable. You keep working over in your mind a picture of the boat you must have and you begin to ignore everything else. Sooner or later you snap. Maybe the time to build a boat is somewhat before that point.

First, you plan. I don't mean that you create a plan for building a boat, for that is already in your head and has been there for months or years. What you plan for is responding to the questions that what you are about to do will raise. "What? Another boat? Do you need an armada? What about all this work around the house now that it is spring/summer/fall/winter? Etc." I must point out that while this sounds like experience, my wife has never actually asked these questions. Thankfully she is very patient and understanding for she enjoys a pleasant boat ride herself. Still, I know the potential is there for the rest of you.

What you must do is figure out how the new boat will be used in such a way that nothing you have will serve the same purpose. Maybe you have nothing and the problem is solved, but if you do, the one you have has to be too heavy, too long, too short, or too unstable. It might not take waves well or is somehow not seaworthy. The desire for safety is always useful here. And you must build it now in order to have it ready for use by the next season. Promise that the chores and repairs will come first and the boat will consume only your spare time. Make a time estimate that shows you will need only about two to three evenings a week for maybe two or three months or so. This is long enough to be believed, yet short enough to be tolerated. But even if you believe it yourself, it probably will not be true.

Once you have your reasons established and more or less accepted, buy some stuff. Boat stuff is always long and in the way and the questions will change to, "When are you going to do something about that pile of material?" Now is when you get to build your boat. Where you build it depends on the availability of space. Just make sure it is not where all the stuff was that was in the way, for building your boat is going to take a long time and you do not want to have to find answers to new questions.

That's about it, except for one thing more. You might not be acquiring your first boat. Maybe you have several already. Storage is about to become the next problem and you will need new answers. Although you probably should not allow your fleet to grow too large, don't even consider that you are building (or have previously built or bought) a boat that you can sell. If you have built the boat and you decide to sell it, your time will be gone, at about 25¢ an hour if you are lucky. And some stranger will have one of the beautiful craft that you at one point planned for and worked toward for so long, even if it happens to be a boat you originally bought for yourself rather than built.

But there is a solution. You can give it away, likely to a friend or family member. Not the new "must have" boat, of course, but one that you don't seem to use so much anymore. You can use only one boat at a time, after all, and it will be the new one, usually. You get to choose the new owner. You might even get to see it now and then or take a ride and the storage problem is no longer yours. Besides, you will have no thoughts about whether the price was right and all that money will not be around to clutter up your life.

So there you have it. If you must build a boat, do it, but only when you reach the point where you just can't stop yourself.

# In My Shop
## Truck Topper

By Mississippi Bob

Now that the gift boat is out of my shop I wanted to build a simple rowboat. I looked at different plans that were available and seriously considered one of Jim Michalak's plans for a Pea Pod, but I wanted simple so I am building another Bolger Car Topper.

For those of you not familiar with this boat, it is a multi-chined tack-and-tape boat. Phil Bolger designed this 11' sailing dinghy. The plans are available from Harold Payson. Harold usually has his ad in the *MAIB* "Plans & Kits" section. I helped to build a Car Topper a few years ago that was featured in *Family Handyman* magazine. This boat was built as a tack-and-tape boat according to Phil's plans. I was a consultant on that job.

A short time later I got an order for the same boat and started to build it. I wanted to build it as a stitch-and-glue to see if I could lighten up the boat. Do you know the difference?

Tack-and-tape boats are built upside down over a few forms. The outside is glassed then the boat gets removed from the forms, This is the Bolger-Payson method of building all of their instant boats.

Stitch-and-glue boats are built by cutting out all the panels and wire tying them together. This is the method of building promoted by Chesapeake Light Craft and Pygmy Kayaks.

I happen to like stitch-and-glue. I was talking to Harold Payson on the phone one day and I asked him about what he thought about stitch-and-glue. His reply was that he got tired of getting his blood all over his pretty woodwork when he stabbed himself on the sharp wires so he quit using this method. Hey, Harold. I'm the guy who is taking the Plavix. I just keep a bunch of bandaids handy.

Back to my second Car Topper. The deal fell through so I had all of these plywood panels cut out and no customer, so I put them together and built this boat as a simple rowboat. I gave the unfinished boat to my eldest son. The boat went together just fine as a stitch-and-glue, no big problems.

My son took forever finishing the boat but we finally got it into the water and it rowed very well. I liked the lines and decided that someday I would build a stretched version of the same boat. Well, someday has come.

Remembering how easy the boat went together the decision was made to make a longer copy, The Car Topper, according to Bolger, was a 11' boat. This boat required three sheets of plywood to complete the shell. Phil figured out how to cut one piece of plywood so that the cut pieces could be added to the ends of a full sheet making it long enough to build an 11-footer. I had wanted to build the biggest boat that I could from two full lengths of plywood. This boat would require four sheets of wood.

I found some Baltic Birch at our local "Big Box Store" and decided to try it out. This material is not a marine plywood but it sure looked good to me. The six mil stuff that I bought was five ply material, sanded on both sides and nicely plugged on the best side. The material seamed to have no noticeable voids and all the plies seamed to be equal thickness. I remember reading somewhere that birch is not very rot resistant but I thought about it and realized that it would be encapsulated in epoxy so the material became my marine plywood. This birch cost less that half what I would have to pay for good marine ply of the same thickness. I would be interested in anyone's experience with this material, good or bad.

I laid out two sheets of this plywood on my garage floor on top of some foam sheets that I had and began to lay out all lines. Bolger designed this boat with stations every 12", my boat would be one third bigger so I set the stations at 16". I also added one-third extra on all the lengthwise dimensions. Works for me.

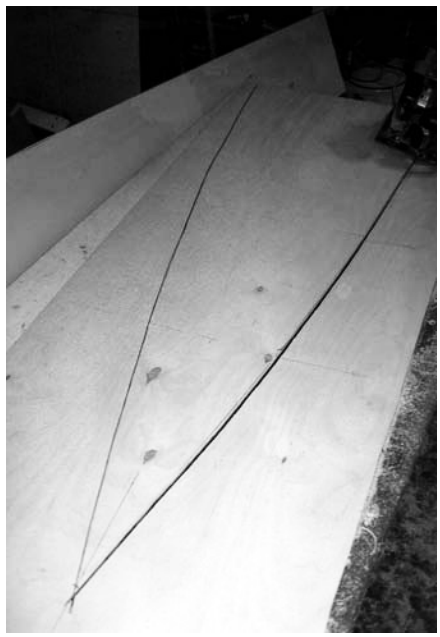
After all the lines were drawn these sheets of plywood were moved to my shop to be cut. I set up two sawhorses and laid some old lumber on top of them. This created a platform that I could saw on. My kids gave me a new Skilsaw for Fathers' Day and it got tested on this job. I set the saw blade to cut about ⅜" and began ripping out pieces. The bilge panels and side panels all are cut out then used for the pattern for the mirror images.

After sawing the pieces out I laid them on each other, clamped them together, and began planing the edges. I always feel that even if parts are not perfect they should be symmetrical. These sections were clamped together with a small C-clamp near each end, then stood on edge and held up with four Jorgensen clamps. This made a steady jig to hold the pieces that were being planed.

When all the panels were planed they went back to the garage to be assembled. I cut butt blocks out of the same material and epoxied them in place on what would become the inner side of each panel. I set a 1x12 on the floor and laid a piece of wax paper on it. Then I laid my panels on this wax paper, butted them carefully, and stapled them down to the 1x12.

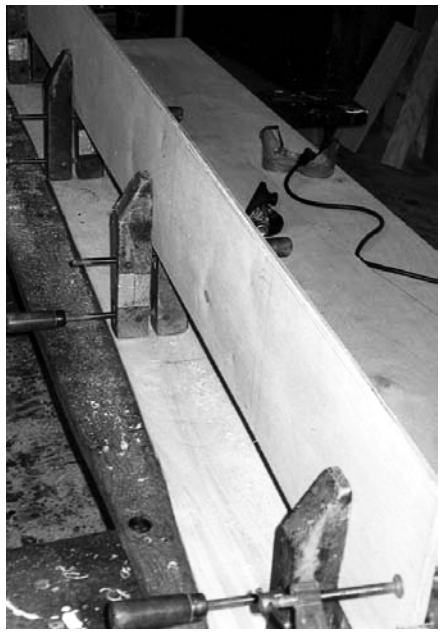
The butt blocks were coated with epoxy and set in place. I used a small wire nail in the far comers of each block to keep them from sliding around, then more wax paper and a 1x2 was laid on top and screwed to the board below. This gave me the clamping pressure that I needed.

I was doing this in the Minnesota summer and I anticipated an 80° day should cure the epoxy fast. Wrong. The air may have been 80° but the garage floor wasn't and I had to give the parts an extra day to cure.

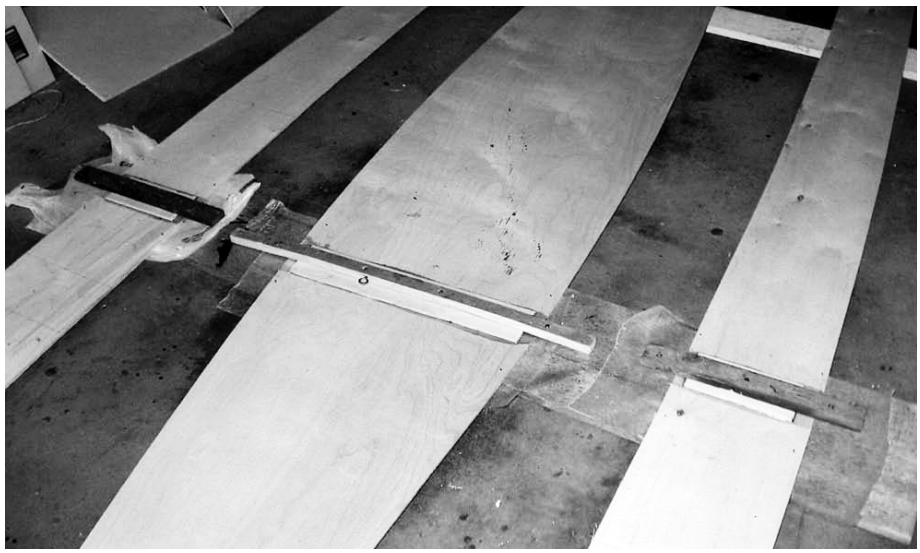


Sawing out parts.

Jig for planing the edges.



Installing butt blocks assembling panels.



I now had all the parts except the transom cut out and assembled. I had a bunch of 16' spaghetti to put together. The pieces were rather floppy at this stage so I needed a bench to start my assembly. I saved a pair of 1x6 cedar boards from my cutting platform. The pair of 1x6s served to support the bottom panel while I began the stitching.

I set up the horses near the ends of these 10' pieces and let the boards take a natural sag that gravity gave them. This made the platform that I needed to start wiring panels together.

I laid the bottom panel on this bench and began marking and drilling holes every 8", ⅜" from the edge of this panel. I did the same on the top edge of the bilge panel. I drew a line the length of the bottom edge of this panel and drilled holes near the bow only. These would match the holes on the bottom. The remaining holes were drilled as the panels got wired.

I laid the bilge panels together and drilled five sets of holes near the bow. These were spaced evenly, then I wired them together (very loosely), then set this assembly on top of the bottom panel. I spread these two panels into a V that sort of followed the sides of the bottom panel.

I wired both bilge panels to the first hole in the bottom panel, then moved back about 2' and wired at this point. I drilled and wired the panels together every couple of feet until I got to the stern. All of the wires were left very loose at this stage. Next I drilled and wired all the remaining holes on these two seams.

The upper panel got the same treatment but I needed something to support these pieces as I began the wiring. Some of the trimmings laying on the shop floor under the boat did this just fine. I lay some pieces about 4" wide across the top of the bilge panels and they supported the sides as I began the wiring.

When things were wired up nicely (still left a little loose) this pile of boards was beginning to look like a boat. A very flexible boat. The time had come that I had to decide on the final shape.

The stern section was too flat so I rigged a Spanish windless across at the top of the bilge panel. This was simply a doubled wire run through holes drilled and run from side to side, then wound up as I drew the sides together. I got the stern close to what I had planned and then began adjusting the beam and rocker.

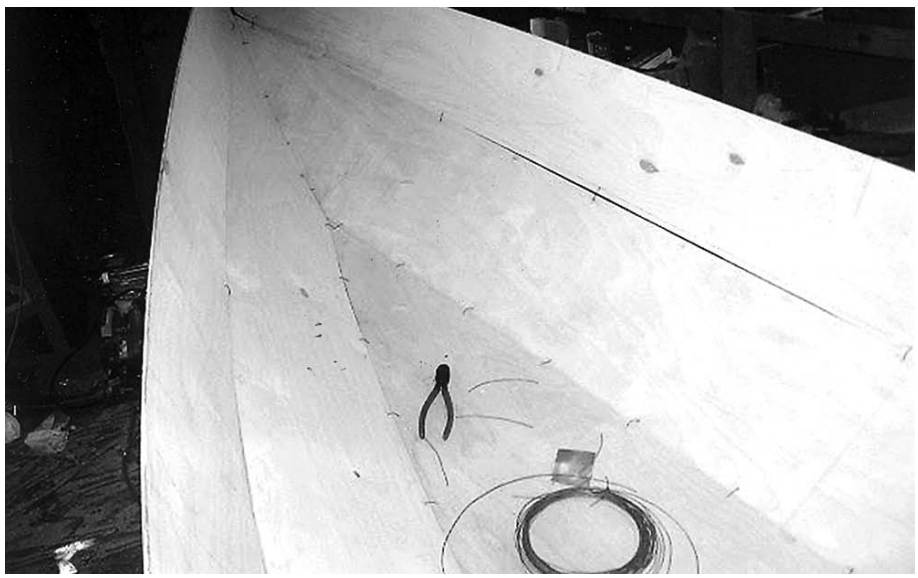
I removed the planks that the boat was sitting on and left it on the horses only. I played with the placement of the horses a bit. As I moved them toward the center the rocker flattened out and the boat became narrower. Move the horses out and gravity gives the boat more rocker and a wider beam. The two factors are related on these flexible hulls.

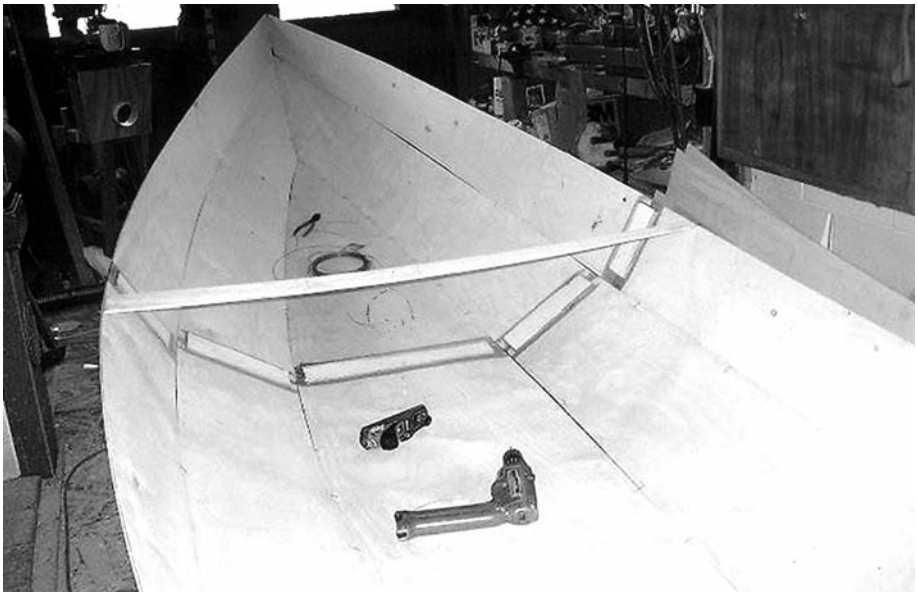
I wanted the finished boat to be 50" beam, slightly wider that Bolger's original boat. When the natural droop caused a 50" width I said good enough and cut a temporary 49½" thwart. I drilled and wired this into place near the wide point of the hull, then went back to work on the transom.

I cut out a temporary transom from some scrap hardboard that I had and trimmed and fitted it into the stern of the boat. The stern ends of all the panels had been left long, I never cut the angle for the transom beforehand. The sides went beyond where the transom would get placed.

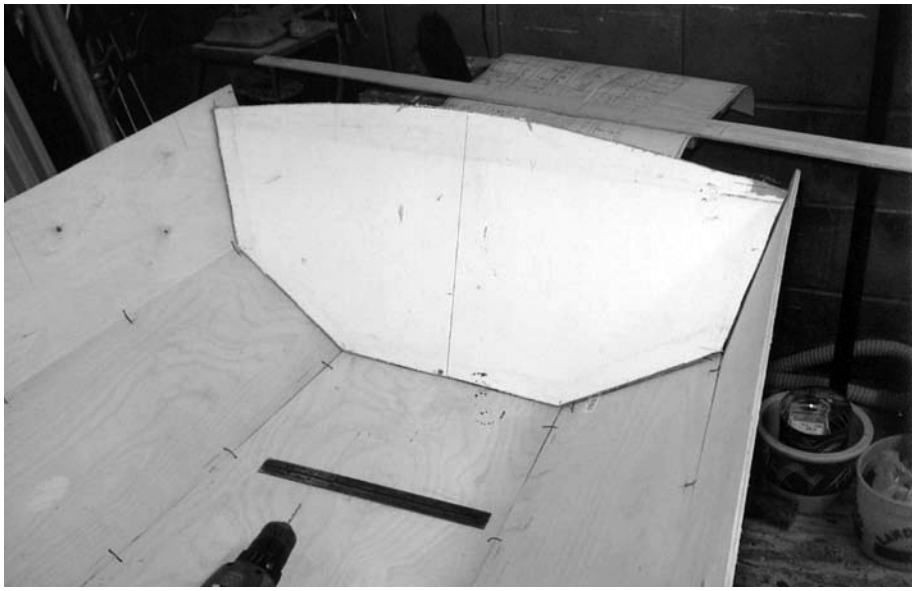
When I was satisfied with the shape and placement I had a pattern for the real transom. The transom got sawn out of some of my original material and it got wired and tacked into place. I now had the boat that I wanted to build. The shape was just right. Bolger might not agree, but I feel that I had improved on his original design.

Beginning the wire tying.





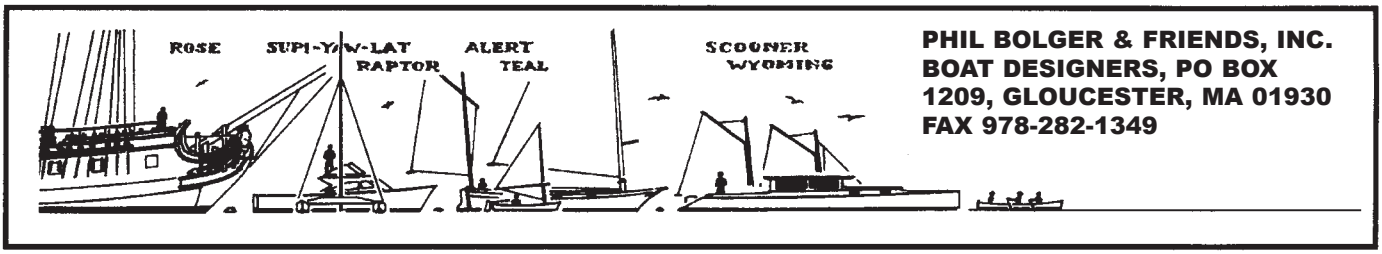
Beginning to take shape.



Temporary transom hardboard pattern.

Fitting transom into place.

Bottom and bilge panels wired up.

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# Bolger on Design

## Messing About in Fishing Boats

### Chapter 6 Part 1

Over the last five issues we introduced our general understanding of the serious problems in the Northeast's fisheries, and in many ways that of the world's. After an introduction to the matter in Chapter 1, Chapters 2 and 3 discussed two versions of a completed design for an entry level 30' inshore fishing craft as one example of our response to this calamity. Chapter 4 described and illustrated its assembly process. In Chapter 5 we laid out a well-developed concept study for a lean 70' proposal we referred to as "30K220/70D" that had matured between 2002 and 2006 following our reasoning as a good compromise across several fisheries for inshore and offshore utility; an earlier version of this project had been presented in the September 2004 issue of the *National Fisherman* and then named one of that year's "Best Ideas" in the January 2005 issue. In this issue we'll look at its conceptual predecessor we had called White Eel, a study for an 11kts Atlantic passage maker that would also fit into much of the European canal system as is; i.e., without any modifications.

White Eel's economics were on our mind when we observed in the local and regional fishing fleet the growing calamities of the decline in resource availability just as hardware, hull materials, and fuel cost were doubling and tripling. It was unlikely that the costs would come down to levels of just the recent past. And it was known that resource availability would remain highly restricted by scientific assessment until so-called stock rebuilding schedules had been met, only to remain under permanent control from then on to prevent repetition of the destructive expression of the "First Fisheries Paradigm" (see Chapter 1 in the July 1 issue).

Under these unyielding conditions only improving vessel economics would hold any promise of relief from the tightening chokehold on much of the fleet. Our reasoning was then, and is now, somewhat more refined, that particularly for the family/small business owned and operated inshore and offshore fishing fleet only dramatically reduced first and operating costs would offer serious potential for survival. We have already outlined this across recent chapters of this narrative on "Messing About in Fishing Boats."

Unfortunately several reasons are standing in the way of adapting the thinking and the fleet structure to match these new conditions:

Uncertain business climate: In times of such serious economic and regulatory uncertainty no fisherman would be likely to invest iron reserves in new, unfamiliar vessel geometries in pursuit of better economics.

Preference for the familiar: More economic vessel geometries are of seemingly unusual appearance, in many ways alien to those with just their own life's memory. Historically speaking, of course, leaner geometries preceded the current ones as then modest power from sail and then limited power from early engines had favored very efficient hull shapes. To current owners, familiarity with the visuals and the handling characteristics of the current fleet are, de facto, the only plausible reference points by which to judge other options, even those based on essentially ancient principles of efficiency and parsimonious consumption of expensive budget line items. And it is hard to fault that perspective.

Inefficiencies dictated by Law (!): The most important reason, though, of inefficient hull geometries is ironically, or better put, tragically, the regulation of fishing vessels by their length! Since, apparently, time immemorial the primary measurement of boats has been their length, apart from horsepower (good) and tonnage (more or less mysterious since it does not mean actual displacement but rather volume). With fishing permits primarily defined by vessel length, many builders have offered owners progressively wider hulls, leading to the current state-of-the-art proportion of, for instance, a 42' long boat measuring 20' in beam! They also got deeper to carry heavier engines and even more gear and ice weight as that wide beam now allows double plus the maximum load on that same 42' permit than distant ancestors would have dared for on a, say, moderately conventional 42'x13' hull.

In consequence it takes serious horsepower to drive these hulls to just hull speed, with one local example using 400hp to just reach full hull speed of between 8kts and 9kts. The fact is that in many fisheries this carry capacity is not readily usable these days under all sorts of catch restrictions. There are some exceptions in the Northeast, where in Maine lobstermen, for instance, use this wide footprint to carry hundreds of traps at a time out into the fishing ground at season's first day under the reasoning that the first one gets the most productive spots. And using this extra stability allows more aggressively rigged and powered inshore draggers. But in both cases the question is whether the inevitable daily fuel burn won't actually cancel out these gains.

Overall the idea of measuring a given fishing vessel's lethality to the resource in terms of its length has clearly led, ad absurdum, to wider, deeper, and more thirsty vessels which in the current and foreseeable oil cost environment will force harder fishing with respective consequences for the resource to cover operational cost at least. Which, of course, highlights the internal inconsistency of the law that on the one hand is clearly stated to explicitly protect and rebuild the resource, and yet on the other hand fosters vessel obesity towards grotesque proportions that will burn extra fuel for the rest of the life of the craft while any definition of sustainability would point into the other direction.

Fishermen, being typically no fools, did see until recently serious economic value in these geometries, or at least the promise of it. This multiplication of carrying capacity per limited length permit would offer the opportunity "just in case" to strike it really rich with a less regulated species that can be landed in lucrative quantities, this assumes that one is the only one to have figured out this windfall lurking under the waters and thus do not find the ex-vessel price depressed after ten boats came in earlier with sudden large catches that overwhelmed any fish buyer's appetite or fish processor's capacity. But as regulation has tightened further and as fuel cost keeps rising overall ($78+/barrel in early August) we notice some of the wide bodies hitting the used boat market in these parts for conversion from gillnetters to draggers, for instance. Anecdotes suggest that the "just in case" capacity reasoning has cost too much already for some.

While we have done some very wide boats for select applications, we've always understood the value of good speed for lower horsepower. Thus we are proposing in chats with fishermen the notion of how it would be if one were to rewrite permits by each extant hull's weight (well-defined and examined). Today every coast has a plethora of travel lifts that can simply lift each hull and give you a reading of its weight to the nearest 1,000lbs or tons, depending. We understand that the largest one in New England may well be in Fairhaven, Massachusetts, with a capacity of something like 300+ tons. As 98% of all fishing vessels in the Northeast are travel lift capable, we propose to measure the weight of a given fishing craft and then add this number as an alternative hard specification for the permit, to be used as a choice in lieu of the traditional length number. Thus a 42'x20' boat might weigh as much as a lean 70'x12'geometry. And since length makes for easy speed, the resulting vessel economics look much more appropriate for the rigors of the early 21st century than length limitations by law fostering fat uneconomical geometries, after all a 6' person may weigh a sound 180lbs or a problematic 400lbs...

Top heavy dragging would not be a good idea off a slender type but most every other type of fisheries is suddenly much more economically and thus ecologically plausible, as narrower longer hulls will favor more resource sensitivity selective fishing

techniques at much reduced carbon footprint. Instead of bragging about how large the catch was, it may become more commonplace to ask how little it cost the vessel owner to get the legally allowable catch and how little the damage was to the resource and its habitat per unit taken. After all, sustainability of the resource equals sustainability of the fleet and town.

With that bee in our bonnet in 2002 we looked at our recent conceptual work and immediately reconfigured in our minds this lean 70' transatlantic passage maker that was intended to run at near 11kts between the shortest crossings for least weather exposure over five days or so, such as St. Johns (Newfoundland) to the Azores (1,600nm) and Azores to any West European shoreline (less distance) before ducking into the tight European canal system with its hull draft, beam, and, particularly, air draft restrictions of bridges, locks, and tunnels. Near 11kts is good for acceptable progress upstream in any of the rivers. Using only 110hp to move some 40,000lbs of medium loaded hull at that speed seems like an intriguing case study of what hull geometries might hold what economic lessons for our local fisheries as well. And you just saw it somewhat widened and increased in height in Chapter 5.

This study was initially conceived in 2000 for a dot.com winner whose funding apparently dwindled, though, and it never proceeded. Then we offered it to Phil Smith, an old client who had over many concept studies become a friend, but who unfortunately was killed last summer during a cross country trip on his bicycle as a family in a minivan turned the wrong way, a tragedy for all involved.

The name of the concept is White Eel and in our new designation it would be a 20K110/70D or a 20,000lbs carrying hull, pushed by 110hp continuous rating, measuring 70' in length in a displacement speed configuration. So here, at last, goes the edited 2000 text (again) much of it in staccato fashion:

**That Name??!!**

We had called her Eel since early on with those unassuming wrigglely/wiggely things traveling between the Sargasso Sea and many European rivers... Well, you get the drift. As far as we know there is no species White Eel. But it sounds both unexpected, less presumptuous than many names, and offers the understatement she benefits from anyway. Beats Thumper or Repo-Queen.

What you would call your boat is entirely up to you and we don't mean to intrude on that choice with our in-house moniker! It just happens to identify the project better than yet another "so-and-so boat"...

**Basic Parameter**

White Eel was arrived at quite rationally, apparently even that name... Several big issues went into the hopper:

One's wish list, plus desirability of minimizing power requirements to maximize range as a matter of safety and itinerary options, and using higher hull speed to minimize big water crossing time, which in turn cuts time of open sea exposure. This is a good thing as a matter of principle and offers higher escape velocity to purposefully evade serious weather trouble, which in conjunction with her generous fuel capacity allows one to more likely miss the nasty conditions so much dramatic prose is spent on in various cruising stories as unavoidable. Two old, but still true, notions apply here, that "length runs," here offering a top speed of near 11kts, and that "length is cheap," if you don't add internal complexity in the process.

It helps that her purpose includes not being a marina queen, stagnant 98% of her lifetime with just dollar-per-foot length bills showing dynamic movement. Actually, a book on barging in Europe points out that being oversized for marinas often puts one amongst "real ships" for the night, whose along the key tie up fee schedule is much more advantageous. On the other hand, there are many shallow areas on even the fast flowing, busy major rivers where only she could sink her anchor into the gravel, not to mention stagnant waters of oxbows or the intimacy among overhanging trees flanking small tributaries.

And the proposed itinerary helps also to avoid the "Flying Dutchman Syndrome" so rampant amongst many pseudo and actual passage making power cruisers whose draft and shippy superstructures and masts all conspire to make entry of shallows, estuaries, rivers, and canals rather hazardous if not eventually impossible. They are both too deep for reasonably carefree inshore and inland exploration ("...hazardous sands and deceptive shoals...") and then they eventually are too tall when even deeper rivers and canals are blocked by bridges or "Nord-Banks," forbid, tunnels! What remains are "dodge that tanker" sessions in deep channels under high bridges to be eventually pummeled and scared into submissiveness to the fact that passage makers belong on the high seas...

All this assumes, of course, that they can make the speed over ground against the highest current speed typically confined to that same deep-dredged channel without becoming a de facto obstacle to navigation washed by waves and veering under venturi currents of faster 2,000 ton standard inland freighters, all while evading downhill incoming traffic of twice that speed. Ergo, once one has gotten past the seaport's breakwater in one of those, all one can/should do is to eventually leave again for another distant port, no wonder that crew was strapped to the mast...

Offshore, White Eel's generous range and burst speed allow right angle away from the advancing quadrant evasion of threatening weather and still offer reliable landfall on more than fumes. Remember Robert Beebe's cancelled "European Adventure" in *Mona Mona* (we think) when a week of headwinds ruined that year's cruising plans for Europe as her range was too limited to make it across and she did New England instead...

Inland climbing up into the heart of Europe, White Eel will be able to slide uphill, likely even up the infamous current of the Rhone, able to play the eddies along shore and particularly maximize progress in the slow current shallows of a river bend's inside. Particularly against moderate to higher riverine currents, whether normal due to topography, a wet summer's runoff, or the annual snow melt, extra hull speed knots paired with sturdy shoal water capability will make all the difference between daily struggle and predictable and safer progress outside the crowded channel.

On the next level of conceptual detail of a family long range power cruiser, what matters (to us) are:

Variable/fuel weight location.

Power plant weight location and accessibility.

Wheelhouse habitability for the whole crew, navigating, steering, sightseeing, cooking, and eating.

Modest but comfortable crew quarters with good separation between cabins, here with the children's cabin offering particularly ample floor space for play and learning, using folding chairs and table(s) on demand with (toy) storage under the floorboards and the berths.

A single but generous head with enclosed stock 60"x30"bathtub closely located for plumbing simplicity near the galley.

Serious energy storage for quiet consumption at will.

Good enough fresh water storage with matching grey water holding tank, both allowing extended periods of zero intake at sea and zero discharge, such as wintering on an iced-up dock in London, Hamburg, Stockholm, where neither pump-out is physically possible for weeks/month nor plain dumping is feasible, but perhaps a YMCA for endless showering sessions between 6gal rinses.

Thermal qualities reasonably adequate to stay healthily for a winter in said locations, for instance, advantages of plywood and foam construction in terms of unsinkability.

A tender/lifeboat/light camp cruiser, carried, instantly deployable even in nastier conditions.

All in a stout home buildable structure philosophically well connected to smaller Tahiti (#653).

Should, despite our assumptions, she turn out to be a terrible roller, her relatively higher power (versus our whimpy 40'x9'x45hp #653 Tahiti) along with her slender midsection would allow use of mild paravane gear mounted right abaft her house; we'll make sure there is enough meat for through bolting.

We had looked at both shorter and wider concepts. But they either had too much fat to build and carry around expensively or they were compact but too cramped with not enough tankage for fuel, water, batteries, requiring partial double-decking with folding geometries. skimpy tender/camp cruiser if any, etc. Neither were good enough to pursue further nor to show in public. They were good exercises to confirm the basic rationale underlying Tahiti in this larger envelope as well to pull together home doability, cost effectiveness, fuel economy, ergonomics, and a modicum of safety.

**Some (sort of kinda like) Hard Numbers**

Before going over her in more detail, here are her particulars, preliminary numbers that is!

Length overall: 69'

Length @ DWL: 64'6

Breadth over 4"x4" rubrails: 11'7"

Breadth @ DWL: 9'10"

Breadth of hull bottom: 9'

Draft @ DWL over skeg: 2'6"

Draft w/full fuel load DWL plus 2"(overload)

Draft over skeg w/full fuel: 2'8"

Draft to hull bottom: 2'

Draft over skeg w/minimal fuel: 2'3"

Height overall (over solid non-folding structures), mast folded: 11'9"

Height afloat @ DWL: 9'7" (vs. 10'+ min. French canal clearances) allowing for low fuel supply

Displacement @ DWL: 46,800lbs (20.9 long tons) w/2,550lbs/inch immersion @ DWL

Displacement w/full fuel load: 52,100lbs (23.25 long tons)

Power: Deutz BF4MI013 (wet liners!) radiator cooled 4-cylinder w/291cid and 107hp continuous at 2300rpm

Fuel capacity: 2x580 + 2x380 = 1,920 US gallons

Fresh water capacity: 2x180 = 360 gallons

Holding tank capacity: 1x155 + 1x290 = 445 gallons

Battery capacity: three banks of 6x2V industrial true deep-cycle Trojan 137T25 with 1,957ah (@20hr rat.) = 5,,871ah nominal or 70kwh stored power, at advertised 1,500 cycles industrial duty

Max hull speed (nominal): 10.76kts, possibly exceedable with her slender shallow shape

In terms of her overall weight @ DWL of 46,800lbs, the following numbers put more meat on the bones:

Structural weight (ply only): 23,500lbs, or approx. 470 standard sheets of ½" fir plywood (with hull bottom alone coming in at 5,600lbs!)

Drive train weight (engine w/batt, 1+3 alts, gear, shafting, prop, rudders, actuators): 2,000lbs

Full fuel weight: 13,800 lbs

Partial (@ DWL) fuel weight: 8,500lbs @ 1,170 gallons of Diesel

Battery weight: 5,300lbs (also permanent ballast)

Fresh water weight: 3,000lbs

Total weight: 47,600lbs assuming 2" overdraft (2'8") at full fuel (de facto 52,000lbs displacement), leaving a margin of around 4,400lbs for epoxy, glass, glass-glass/polycarbonates, paint, ground tackle, misc. hardware, food, tools and spares, nav/com gear, toys, clothing, lifeboat/camp cruiser, and (!)crew.

Add to that the option to have her be an inch or two over her lines in the rare full fuel condition, not an unreasonable idea, offering enough margin for error, weight creep, etc.

It all seems quite adequately realistic at this preliminary stage, subject to confirmation later, of course. We already know that we'll change her plan view shape some to reduce bow trim variations with fuel burn by moving the CB forward, which will also likely pick up another ton of displacement and a few more welcome inches of elbow room around the helm, for instance. Assuming one likes her, final assessments of her will yield numbers in regards to the option of steel plating from just aft of amidships on forward for more peace of mind beaching/grounding out her full cruising weight.

## Her Layout
### Heavy Weights

Clearly the significant variable weight of fuel does determine the overall layout of the passage making power cruiser, not the power plant (!), common design practices notwithstanding. To feed even this modest power plant of just over 100hp for an oceanic crossing, maximizing tankage is paramount and thus its location and impact on her trim across fuel burn. As the numbers above indicate, we assume an overload with full fuel, and normal DWL trim at 60% capacity.

Her overall waterline trim change should be around 5"-6" (2"+ /- below to 3+ above WL), with an inherent and unavoidable change in feel and head sea behavior short of giving up useful volume to separate saltwater trim tanks (a'la Bell's Puffer in *MAIB*), as her bow comes up more than her stern for a final mild (5" over 69' length!) nose up trim at near empty fuel tanks. But between her 5,600lbs heavy bottom and the 5,300lbs of batteries (20-25% ballast ratio), her overall stability will be adequate while her near full length squarish midsection continues to slow her roll, irrespective of trim.

### Drive Train

Down the list of weights the engine and the rest of her drive train are where they should be in her stern. As in Tahiti, this dramatically reduces the impact upon crew from emissions of noise, vibration, ambient heat, and it avoids right off the bat the losses to the useable interior volume from necessary additional bulky ventilation ducting and the added hazards of routing 1,000+ degree exhaust gases should they have to emerge out from the middle of your living room, so frequently dictated in typical passage maker designs. Initial assembly, access to, and maintenance of the drive train is thus just about as good as necessary for reliability's sake.

Subterranean holy places run the predictable risk of less than enthusiastic willingness to visit them, reducing real time grasp of evolving problems (most serious problems on engines announce their coming quite well in advance!), not to mention problem solving of malfunctions of devices behind and under another must-have piece of hardware under the floorboards somewhere...

Her cooling and combustion air intake is a straight and short distance down from her boat deck, while the heated cooling air is pumped into a plenum (to catch precipitation despite forced updraft) and then straight up past a lid that can be lowered whenever the engine will be off for a while and one wants neither nesting creatures nor falling leaves and wet snow to accumulate. Two 90-degree bends plus a 60-degree turn will route out the dry exhaust system, lagged inside up to its entry into the updraft plenum box where the muffler and tailpipe still at 400-600 degrees are cooled off by the comparatively cooler hot cooling air being pushed out of the radiator at around 190-210 degrees.

You are familiar with the logic from Tahiti. We trust that the remaining heat/warmth won't peel the paint off the tender/camp cruiser and a simple curved aluminum shield would send the stuff skyward, aft with a starboard tilt, right past the tailpipe cum flip cap.

What is different from Tahiti is her gearing and propeller arrangement. Tahiti's outdrive was already at its torque limit (though manufacturer sanctioned!) with the power specified. One alternative is to buy a matching semi-old production Schottel drive (360 degree prop plus 60+ degree tilt-up) but amounting to a multiple of the engine's cost... Schottels are magic but would likely bust your budget. View the Lily video for a scaled down but true representation of a Schottel's capabilities; i.e., parallel parking or turning in less than your length, etc. Lily's 360-degree trolling motor thrusting capability would be addictive on a large scale. A new Schottel would be 30,000+ big ones, a used one half or less, and her stern configuration could be adapted. Check the web at Schottel and for used units from Dutch Schraven BV, collector of such devices, schravenbv.com, or so.

Rather, we propose the F-N-R 10-degree standalone Vee-drive (3-4,000 from ZF) driven via two Aqua Drive shafts (four CV joints plus center bearing similar to your three-joint Caprice sedan driveshaft) for more angle adaptability (final design dependent!) and thorough isolation of engine generated vibration/noise. The Vee-drive gearbox takes the prop shaft thrust and sits under your master closet intruding some on its vertical expanse while requiring downwards a developable surfaced V-bustle to allow adequate access to that vital gear for maintenance and repairs.

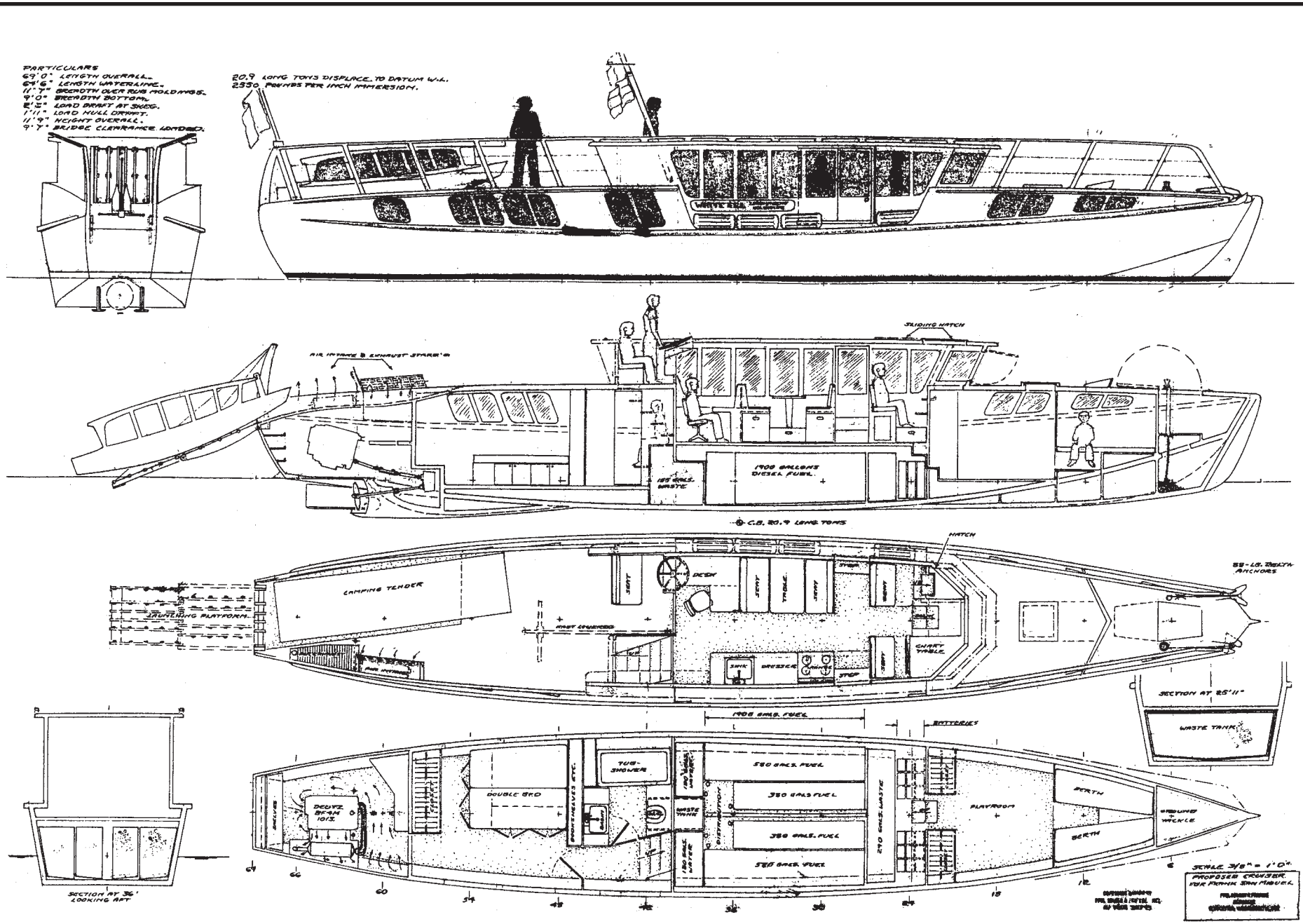
Ergo, unlike Tahiti, no tilt-up to get at the prop but we propose to use an old fashioned access well slanted from port towards centerline under the engine with flow smooth bottom panel (as in Lily) and a watertight high enough lid on top well above DWL to allow taking that tree pruner gadget to cut and pinch through Grand Banks fisheries souvenirs around the prop shaft. That skeg should help a lot but one still wants to be able to get to it from above. Go ahead and carry a wetsuit if you want...

The twin rudders flanking the prop make up in double area what a single one could not deliver on this draft and are nominally balanced although you still may need the max 30" wheel to manually control the rudders under full prop thrust. Our Resolution 51'x11'x2'6" now carries such rudders and despite straight full length keel she turns in between 1½ and two times her length with rudders over 45 degrees (90 degrees total travel) and the prop wash bouncing off the blown blade to 70-75 degrees off boat centerline(!), quite spectacular and effective for maneuvering in tight quarters, but requires a strong actuator (will advise!) for the hydraulics not to pop open the relief valve under full throttle forward thrust as that might just near straighten the blades out... With her proposed shape, much better than Resolution's (1978 motor sailer vintage), this hull might just turn within 1½ times her length or less.

With Resolution's unusual prop shaft through the sternpost arrangement the rudder's primary reason for being was controlling her in reverse, something she now tolerates quite well, allowing thrust out to one side only when reversing, offering mild but very useful stern thrusting on just a single screw. In fact, we ran her backwards through a tight tidal creek maximally three times her beam, doing multiple 45-degree and 90-degree turns, including a 180 at a pool on the other end for a true two-way run claim. We'll try to integrate this geometry into this stern here as well when the time comes. If possible, even an electric outboard type instant deployable bow thruster might prove mostly unnecessary in typical tight maneuvering, a later option anyway should one need it.

Other than that, her prop diameter of 22" is moderate but, we think, adequate for a boat of her slenderness and power and a more or less clean flow into it and no obstructions behind it should transmit the engine's power well enough to do max hull speed at max. engine rpm.

**(Read Part 2 of Chapter 6 in next issue)**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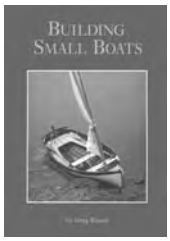


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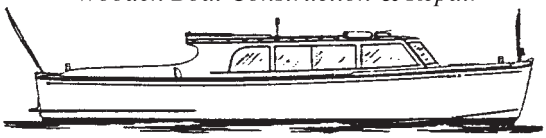

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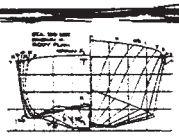

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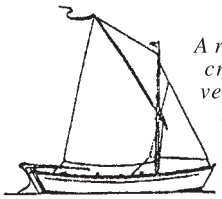

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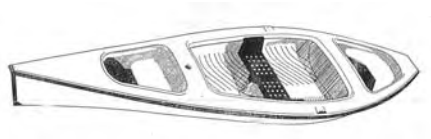

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**16’6” Clark Mills Suncat**, ‘78/’04, #33. New teak, new rudder, new Bob Johnson sail w/cover, new galv trlr. See MAIB Vol. 22 No. 4 and Vol. 25 No. 5 Cedar Key articles. $6,500.
GLENN OSOLING, Dunedin, FL, (727) 734-126. (9)

**Bolger Chebacco 20 Cat Yawl**, marine ply, WEST System™, teak rails. By David Montgomery ’91. 1 owner, well maintained. New mast, running rigging, sails by Bohndell. Spare main & jib. Fresh paint. Nor’Easter trlr w/new axle & bunks (no rust). 6hp Toshiba 4-stroke long shaft under 10 hrs (heated winter storage). Hvy 10’x20’ Acme winter cover, Sunbrella cushions & sail cover. Rebuilt rudder. PFDs, anchor, rode, dock lines, pump, etc. Wired for nav lights. Exc cond, ready to sail. Can be seen @ River Boatworks (Montgomery Boat Yard), Ferry St., Gloucester, MA (1st L after hospital Rt 127N from Rt 128 rotary). $5,500 obo.
TED RATCLIFF, Gloucester, MA, (978) 283-7581, leave message (9)

**16’ Alden Appledore Pod**, white fg hull w/mahogany trim. Small seats fore and aft. New style Oarmaster can be moved to different locations to accommodate passengers. Mason composite oars. All in vy gd cond. Asking $2,800. Delivery negotiable to points south.
DON CURRY, Harpswell, ME, (207) 725-6914, captdonald@hotmail.com (10)

**14’ Wood Skiff**, Ken Swan design “Little Gem”. Red hull w/light tan interior, 4 yrs old, built by present owner. Miranti marine plywood w/mahogany thwarts & transom, bronze oarlocks (2 rowing stations); recently painted & varnished. Price incl 4yr old galv Load-rite trlr, 4hp 2-stroke Suzuki long shaft ob (w minimal hrs, mostly fresh water use), spruce oars w/leathers, extra trlr wheel w/galv rim. Danforth anchor & boat cover. A showpiece meticulously cared for. All equipment in exc cond. Health reasons cause for sale. $4,500obo.
JIM MC QUAIDE, 318 Shore Rd., Edgecomb, ME 04556-3237, (207) 882-7239, pnjmc-quaide@yahoo.com (9)

**18’ Gruenwald Sailing Dory**, cb, spruce spar & booms, Dacron sail, 2 wheel trlr. Vy gd cond & equipment. $2,250.
JACK RENTER, Northern, IN, (219) 662-0779 (9)

**14’ Vintage Lapstrake Skiff**, custom built wood hull w/beautiful joinerwork & brass fittings. 14’ single axle galv trlr. Perfect to install antique ’32 Kermath 5hp inboard water-cooled marine engine w/reverse gear. Package price $7,000. Will consider selling separately.
CHARLIE GIBSON, Largo, FL, (727) 595-3440. (9)

**7’10” Pram**, lauan on oak, fiberglassed. Cedar floorboards, black cherry seats. $250. 14’ Flying Tern Sailboat, wood mast & boom, gd sails. $400. 14’ Phantom Sailboat, exc hardware, gd sails. $350. 13’6” Penn Yan Runabout, ’32. mahogany deck, cedar on oak. $1,200.
JAMES DOOLAN, Box 187, Ripton, VT 05766 (10)

**‘57 16’ PennYan Sealander**, wooden boat, w/‘81 40hp ob. Last refinished in ‘85. Asking price $4,000 w/out trlr is negotiable. Will consider trade for smaller row/paddle craft.
BERNARD STANKE, 5341 Hwy 70 W, Eagle River, WI 54521, (715) 479-3833 eves (10)

**Com Pac Pic Nic Cat**, ’04, looks new. Yamaha 4-stroke, Performance trlr. $9,700. 21’ Precision Sailboat, 6hp 4-stroke Yamaha, Performance trlr, nice. $10,000.
FERNALD’S, Newbury, MA, (978) 465-0312 (10)

**’73 O’Day Sailboat**, #3009, swing keel, full suit of sails, all rigging. No radio, no trlr, no motor. $1,500 obo.
RALPH JOHNSON, Pert Lowell Co., Newbury, MA, (978) 462-7409 (9)

**25’ Bolger Black Skimmer Yawl**, one of Bolger’s favorite designs. Solid boat. Not a project. Good sails. All fittings. Boat ready to go. $3,500. Located in Portsmouth NH.
P. WATSON, Exeter, NH, (603) (603) 659-6342. (9)

**17’ Lapstrake Skiff,** cedar plank, oak frame, mahogany transom. Built ’06 by Pert Lowell Co, Newbury, MA. 25hp Honda 4-stroke w/50hrs. John Gardner design w/many custom details. Vy gd cond. Asking $8,500. Original value $12,000 (receipts). Nds battery & wiring to bilge pump/switch. Incl anchor/rode/100’ line, 4 dock lines, 12gal fuel tank/line/filter. May be seen at Pert Lowell boatyard, Newbury, MA.
CALL (978) 500-2635 (9)

**Antique 1912 Old Town Canoe**, #19337, grade CS, model HW. Unmolested. 17’, 3 thwarts, w/original construction order. Lake & barn kept entire life. Woodwork & canvas sound. Paint checked. Seats need caning. 2 original paddles incl. $1,500 firm.
ANTHONY MORRIS, Box 143, Kimberton, PA 19442, (610) 933-1713, amorris143@aol.com (9)

**Montgomery 17**, ‘77, clean in gd working order. New main & working jib by Dabbler Sails; new Yamaha 4hp; hull and topsides recently painted; serviceable trailer w/recent tires & bearing buddies. $6,500 firm.
JOHN JOHNSON, Colonial Beach, VA, on the Potomac (804) 224-1538, jajohncb@verizon.net (9)

**Rhodes Bantam Sailing Dinghy**, needs new, more agile, skipper. Lively, fun-to-sail boat. See WoodenBoat #153 “Relaunches” page for photo & data. New hull, aluminum spars. Spinnaker incl, trlr optional.
JAMES BROTEN, 3085 Labore Road, St. Paul, MN 55109-1083, brote003@umn.edu (9)

**9.6” Nutshell Sailing/Rowing Pram**, Joel White design. Compl w/sail, wood spars, rudder, daggerboard. Vy gd cond. Exc rower/sailer. Blue/white exterior, floor buff, inside top & seats varnished. Great boat. $500.
LARS HASSELGREN, Delavan, WI, (262) 728-1974 (9)

**35’ Eastern Interclub Sloop**, designed by Philip Rhodes (Design #518), built by Palmer Johnson ‘50. Mahogany over oak, bronze fastened. Sitka spruce mast, boom, spinnaker pole. Mainsail, jib, genoa, spinnaker. Flathead 4cyl IB auxiliary engine. Fast! Always a fresh water yacht. Cradle/trlr. $23,000.
CAPT MILANOWSKI, West MI, (305) 872-4358 (9)

## BOATS WANTED

**Adirondack Pack Boat**, built by Adirondack Guideboat, Inc. in Vermont. Anyone got a used one they’d like to sell?
STEVEN ROSSI, E. Haddam, CT, (860) 873-2999 (h), (203) 484-6603 (w) (10)

## SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

**Wooden Mast**, from Baba ’30, 7.5”x5.5”x38’. Sitka spruce, no hardware except sail track. About 88bf. Located at Verona Beach, NY (upstate). $100 obo.
HOWARD C. TUPPER, Baldwinsville, NY, (315) 635-3194 (leave message) (10)

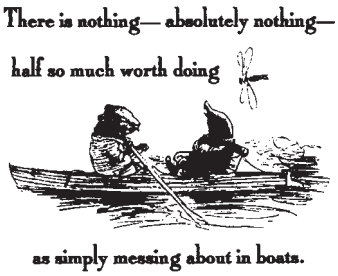
## GEAR FOR SALE

**Matsushita Blades**, we are offering the 36 tooth, 7¼” Matsushita Combination Blade, a very thin kerf blade that runs free & puts little load on the saw, producing a very smooth cut w/minimal waste. Priced at 1 for $25 or 2 for $46 w/free shipping. Send check or money order.
BROTHERS’ BOATWORKS, LLC, 26980 Lake Dr., Lawton, MI 49065 (TF)

**Forward Facing Rowing**, with a sliding seat in your canoe.
EZ-ROW INC.. P.O. Box 275, Taylors Falls, MN 55084-0275, (877) 620-1921, www.ez-row.com (907P)


**NEW! GOT WATER? T-Shirt,** w/all profits going to support The SAFE HAVEN Project & Newfoundland Dog Rescue in North America. Show your support for these Gentle Giants when you wear this great Scuba Doo Newfie T-Shirt! 100% Heavyweight US made yellow cotton. Large front imprint. Sizes: Medium-XLarge $17, 2XL $19. S&H $4.95 on all orders. Send Check or MO. A. BRIDGE (SH), PO Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579, (207) 442-7237, norsman@care2.com (TF)

**9" Ash Wood Cleats**, matched pair varnished w/stainless steel hardware. $25 delivered.
WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Rd., Garden, MI 49835 (TFP)

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THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 8372, Silver Spring, MD 20907, Toll free (877) 637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)

## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

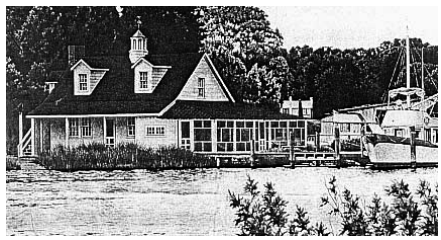
**Egret 17' Skin-on-Frame Kayak**, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions. $55. SASA for more info.
ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, P.O. Box 256, West Mystic, CT 06388. (11P)

**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send $3 for study packet.
DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

**BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW. GLEN.COM:** Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send $9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual $2.00.
GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

**Robb White & Sons Sport Boat**, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip planked skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. $75. SASE for photos & specs.
ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799 (TFP)

## WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT



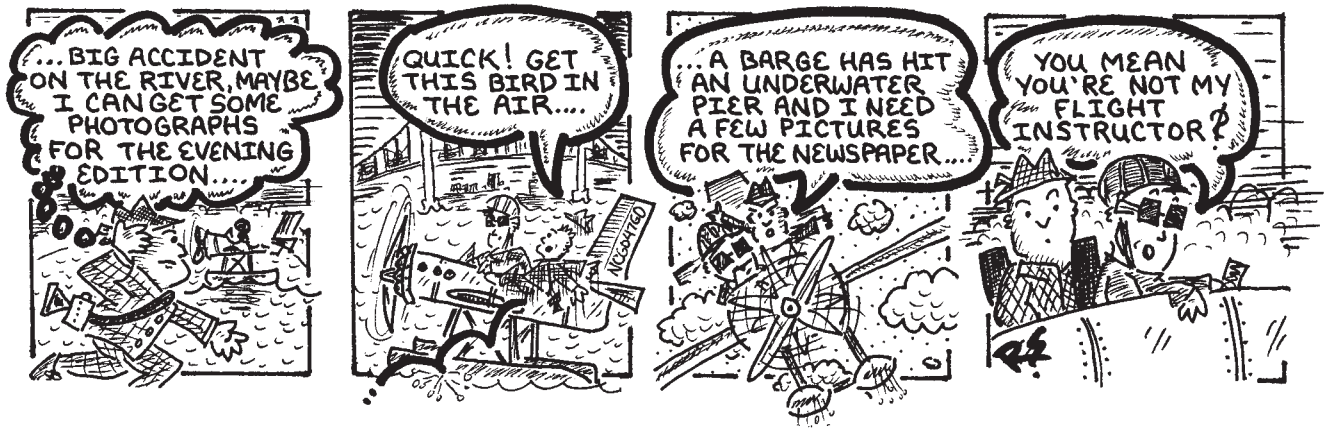
**Vacation Rental Waterfront**, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slps up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. $1,000-$1,350/wk.
LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486 (TF)

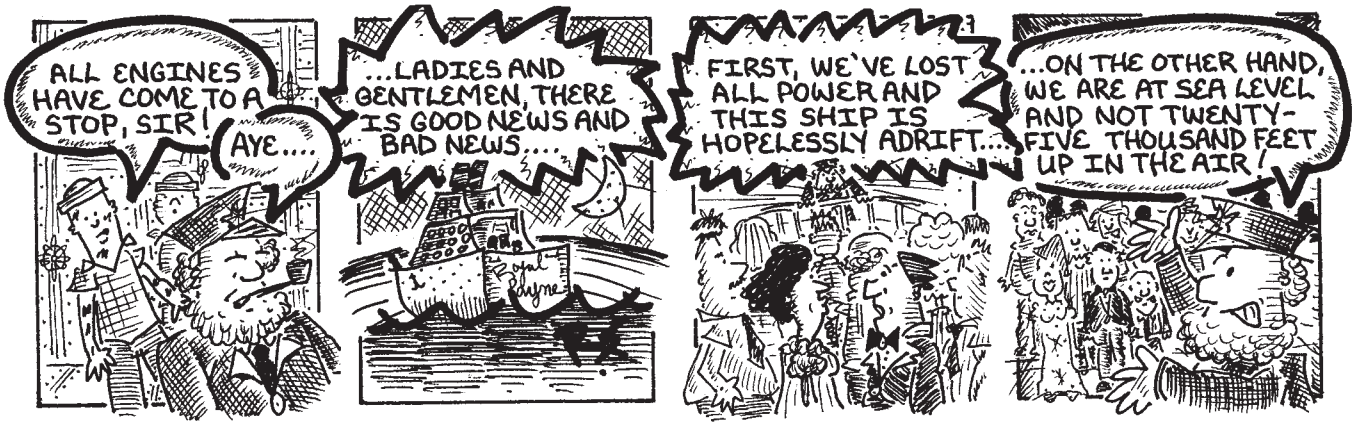
**Loft Efficiency for Rent**, Camden ME. Pristine & private, 4 blocks from harbor, town & small beach. 1 block from farmers' market & YMCA. Single or double occupancy only. No pets. $500/wk.
BENNET SCHEUER, (207) 236-6402, btscheuer@hotmail.com (9)

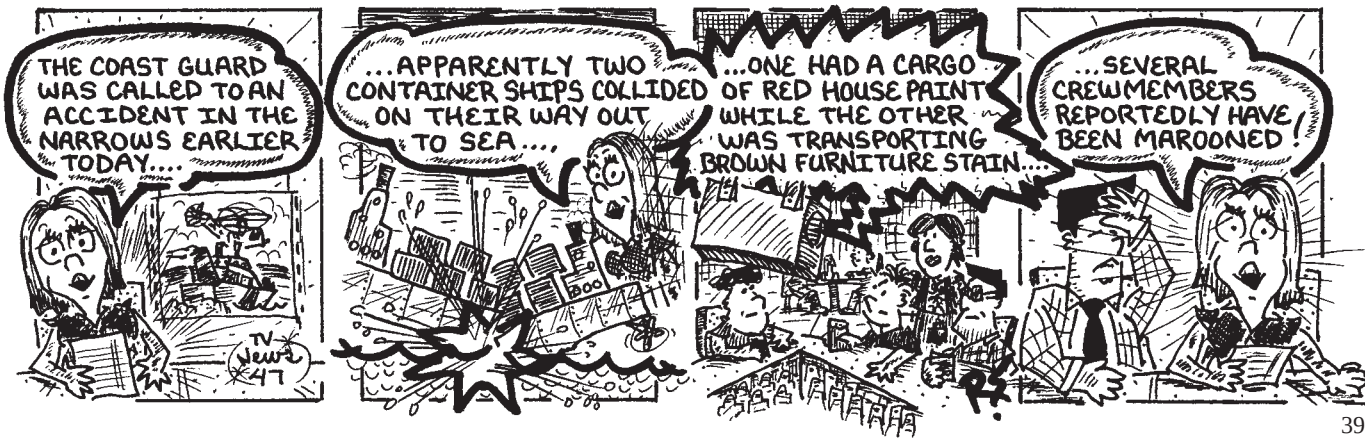
# Shiver Me Timbers

*By: Robert L. Summers*

## Trouble Afloat



The photo below was taken at the conclusion of the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival..... one of our favorite shows (even if it is a bear to drag our boats and bones from Vermont to the northern tip of the Olympic Peninsula in Washington State.) If it weren't for the people, the boats, the delicious food, the wonderful weather, the good times and excellent sales we wouldn't bother. The show this year is Sept 7-9. Where reasonable we will offer free delivery across the northern tier of America. The boat in the foreground is one of our Vermont Packboats....now used for camping on Prince William Sound in Alaska.

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